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FEBRUARY 20, 1956

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Here's where the fun begins!



At last...a real sports car that's a family car, too!

*275 hp....most power-per-pound of any American car;
and there's room for five in luxurious comfort!*



Tune in "TV Reader's Digest" every week.

Here—for all the fun they can bring you—are the new Studebaker Hawks. They're America's first full line of family sports cars—real sports cars, with all the blazing performance and sweet, easy handling you've dreamed about. And they're roomy, too—deep cushioned and comfortable for five passengers—letting

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Leading the line is the magnificent 275-hp, Golden Hawk. It'll thunder down a racecourse at 100-plus with ease, but it's just as much fun purring through traffic at 20. It's safe and snug in any weather, with the biggest, safest brakes in the business, a huge touring-car trunk,

and lavish, decorator-styled interiors. Ultramatic Drive, seat belts, and all power assists are available, too.

And there are four Hawk models to choose from, four power choices, four price ranges—including the lowest. Don't miss the excitement! See and drive a Hawk at your Studebaker Dealer's soon.

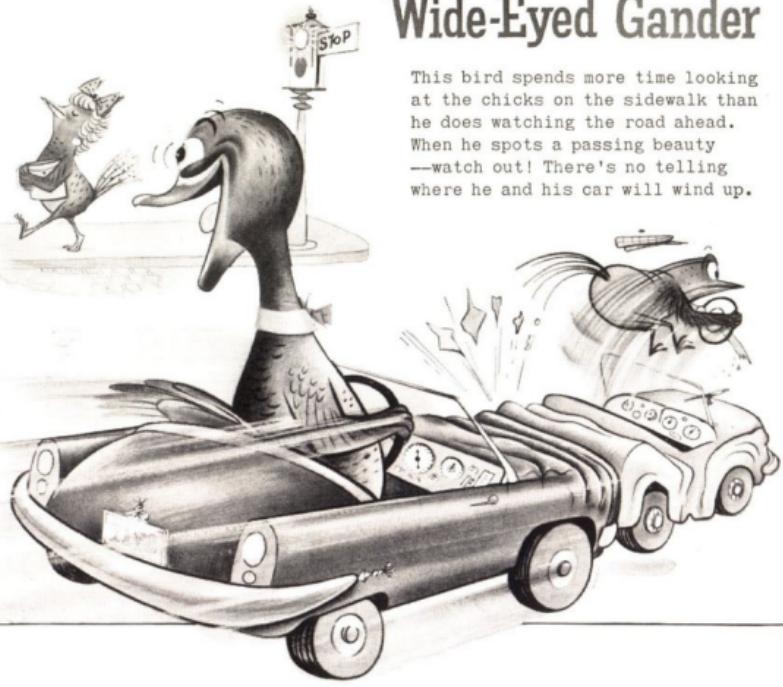
Studebaker *Hawks*

GOLDEN HAWK
SKY HAWK
POWER HAWK
FLIGHT HAWK

Studebaker Division, Studebaker-Packard Corporation, where pride of workmanship still comes first!

THE
Wide-Eyed Gander

This bird spends more time looking at the chicks on the sidewalk than he does watching the road ahead. When he spots a passing beauty —watch out! There's no telling where he and his car will wind up.



THE
Smart Bird knows that driving calls for undivided attention. He keeps his eyes and mind on where he's going... is extra-careful when he's in traffic.

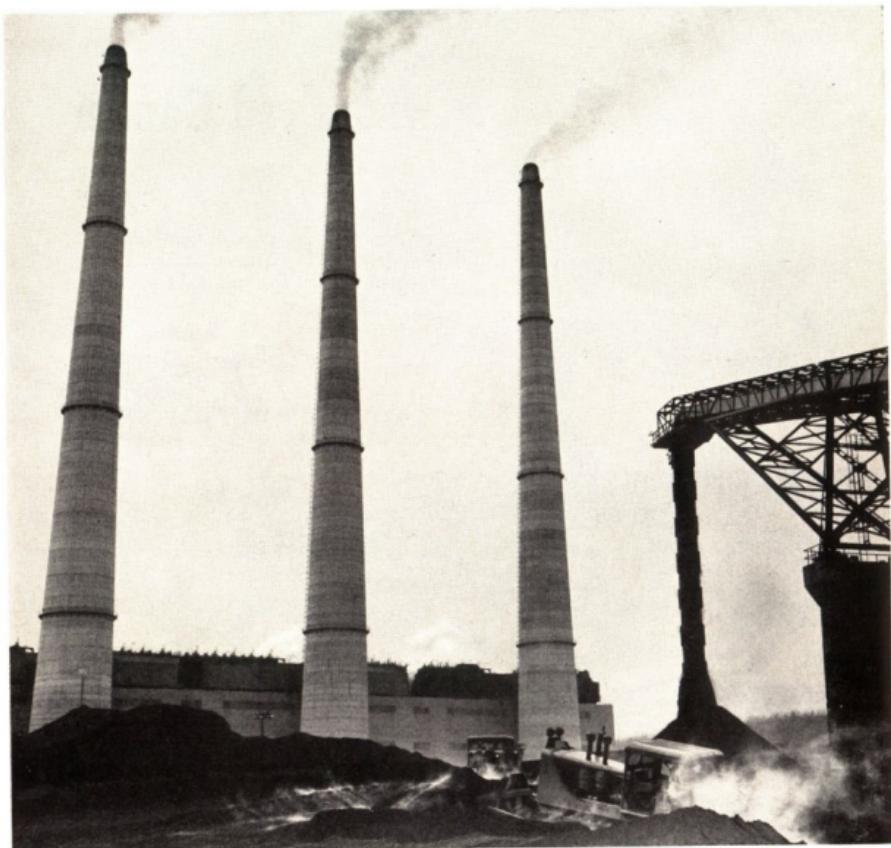
The Smart Bird is also careful when it comes to buying gasoline. He buys premium gasoline. Premium gasoline has a higher octane rating that lets you enjoy full power...gives greater driving pleasure.



**It's smart to use
premium gasoline**



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CORPORATION



Bulldozers churn through the million-ton coal pile at one of the gigantic plants in this record-breaking electric power project.

Electric Companies build largest power project ever

Here's dramatic evidence that no job is too big for America's independent electric light and power companies!

The plant above is part of a huge new electric power project on the Ohio River—new plants, new power lines, new facilities. A group of independent electric light and power companies, working together, is finishing this project at a cost of nearly \$400,000,000. The largest ever built at one time, it is producing more electricity than is used by the entire city of New York. All of the power from the project serves the Atomic Energy Commission's plant at Portsmouth, Ohio.

The ability of America's independent electric light and power companies to tackle any job, *no matter how large*, is your assurance of plenty of power for your own future electric living. To meet tomorrow's needs for power, these companies are *today* building power plants and lines at a rate of 2 billion dollars a year. By 1965, the supply of electricity will be *double* what it is now.

Farsighted planning like this is one of the important reasons why you can always expect the best and the most electric service from *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*®.

*Names on request from this magazine

"Unforeseen events... need not change and shape the course of man's affairs"



No place for an Amateur

The surgeon is one of those men upon whom other men must rely. Also in this category, less dramatically but no less truly, you'll find your local insurance agent or broker.

Your Maryland representative is a professional in every sense of the word...highly trained and experienced. He is your own personal agent. He plans your protection and keeps it always in line with your changing conditions.

He knows how to protect you with the right kinds and the right amounts of insurance at the right time, and that means *before* a loss or claim against you occurs. And, should trouble strike, you'll find him right beside you, your personal agent, ready and able to take *your* trouble and make it *his* business.

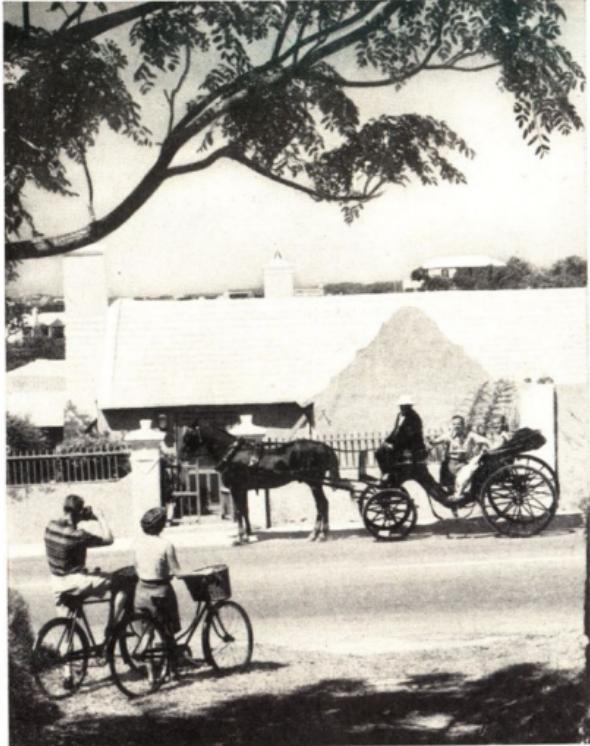
And because he *knows* his business, it's good business for you to know him. It pays in security and peace of mind.

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Baltimore 3, Maryland

There are many forms of Maryland protection for business, industry, and the home. Casualty Insurance, Fidelity and Surety Bonds, and Fire and Marine Insurance are available through 10,000 agents and brokers.

LETTERS



Her charm and grace are made of many things

BERMUDA

Bermuda is only twenty-four miles long, yet within its small area are any number of things which charm visitors into going back year after year.

Bermuda is a group of 365 islands. One for each day in the year, so Bermudians say. Sailing among them is a never-ending pleasure. Golf, tennis, fishing, cycling, picnicking are all-year sports. Bermuda's beaches are wide, pink and soft. The water is blue, inviting and refreshing. Bermuda's houses are unique—an artful blending of white roofs, pastel-coloured walls and massive chimneys. And flowers—Hibiscus, Oleander, Bougainvillea, Easter lilies—splash the Islands with brilliant hues.

Bermuda is only 700 miles from the mainland. It's easy to get to for a holiday whether you go leisurely by ocean liner or speedily by plane. Living is simply solved too for the Islands' hotels are noted for their service, food, accommodations and sports facilities. And guest houses open wide their doors to Bermuda's easy way of living.

There are many details to be considered in planning any holiday. You'll save yourself time and trouble by talking things over with your travel agent. Helpful too is the Bermuda Vacation Kit which you can get by writing to: The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y.

Buttons to Push

Sir:

TIME produced an excellent summary of the race for the "ultimate weapon" [Jan. 30]. It frightens me to speculate on what can happen when the pushbutton pushers get something to push.

DALE R. TAFT

Providence

Sir:

I was thoroughly disgusted at the nature of your story. This country claims to be working for peace. Do you call this peace when you refer to missiles as "the birds of war"? Atom for peace is a current project; why not a rockets for peace program? I am a senior in high school and have heard repeatedly that there is a shortage of engineers, technicians and physicists. Who's the fool who shall work on a project to see who can kill whom the fastest?

DAVE RICHARDSON

Taunton, Mass.

Sir:

Artybashev's missile is excellent. With its implications for all of us, it is also one of the most horrible pictures I have ever seen. San Diego

CHARLES J. SWIFT

Sir:

Let us pray that we will have Artybashev's "finger" to point before it is pointed at our shores.

JOHN E. LAYNOR

Lieutenant, U.S. Army

Fort Monmouth, N.J.

Sir:

You omitted mention of Chance Vought's Regulus I, a surface-to-surface guided missile now in use aboard submarines, cruisers and carriers. Regulus I is not only the Navy's first operational offensive missile, but it has been and can be used aboard Navy surface ships as well as aboard Navy submarines. I believe that the Navy would concur in

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TIME
February 20, 1956

Volume LXVII
Number 8

TIME, FEBRUARY 20, 1956

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO COMMON COLD SUFFERERS!

Bufferin® relieves cold miseries twice as fast as aspirin—and doesn't upset your stomach as aspirin often does!

The headaches, neuralgia and discomforts that accompany the common cold can now be relieved with Bufferin in less time than with aspirin alone.

Laboratory tests comparing Bufferin and aspirin show that Bufferin's pain relieving agent gets into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin.

This means Bufferin acts *twice as fast* to make a cold sufferer feel better.

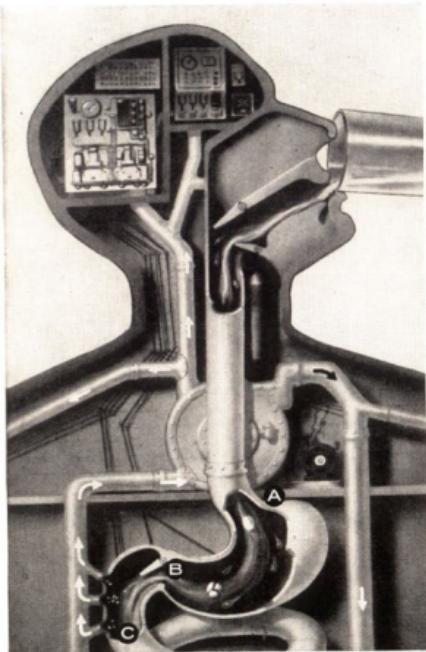
Clinical tests reveal that stomach upsets often follow the taking of aspirin. But you can keep taking Bufferin—with a clear conscience—until you feel better. *Continuous doses won't upset your stomach.*

Amount of pain reliever in blood stream shows how Bufferin acts faster to relieve pain

A Medical science has proved that any known pain reliever must pass through the stomach and into the blood stream to relieve pain.

B Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream *twice as fast* as aspirin. That's why . . .

C Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin to relieve pain. And hospital tests show Bufferin won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.



IF YOU SUFFER FROM PAIN OF ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN



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saying that Regulus I is an outstanding item among the family of guided missiles now in operation . . .

JOHN INNES

Chance Vought Aircraft
Dallas

Sir:

Your account makes it obvious that in national hands there will not be a safe way of keeping world peace for an indefinite period. More thought and expense must be devoted to getting international control and abolition of nuclear weapons.

GEORGE F. HOURANI

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Report on Rome

Sir:

What! A "management analysis" of the Roman Catholic Church [Jan. 30]—ye gods, that is a new note, indeed! . . . why not? If God can't do any better than leave His Divine Church in the hands of human beings, I suppose He won't be surprised (nor should we) to have human measuring sticks applied.

FRANK G. RIVERA

Los Angeles

Sir:

American Institute of Management's pompous Martindell gives the Roman Catholic Church a 50% efficiency rating for the 1st century while no evidence exists that this church existed then . . . I wonder what the efficiency rating of Jesus and the first disciples would be like.

JOHN D. DAVIS

Philadelphia

Sir:

The moral of the story seems to be "for an honest evaluation of the Roman Catholic Church, ask an Episcopalian."

FRED E. RAMSDEN

Swansea, Mass.

Sir:

Did Supersalesman Martindell ever consider A.I.M.-ing at the U.N.?

E. COSTELLO

Stockbridge, Mass.

¶ It is the institute's next big project; findings will be published next year.—Ed.

Sir:

. . . Since when has a mere company such as Standard Oil been used as a sort of pro-rated comparison to anything as high as the "business" of worshiping God? The church was there before Standard Oil . . .

RONALD J. KOVACS

Fort Benning, Ga.

Truth & Consequences

SIR:

THE STORY ABOUT ME IN TIME, FEB. 6, IS ENTIRELY UNTRUE. AN APPROXIMATION OF THE INCIDENT REFERRED TO OCCURRED FIVE YEARS AGO. I NEVER HAVE STATED THAT SENATOR MAGNUSEN WAS UNBEATABLE. GOVERNOR LANGLIE IF HE CHOOSES TO RUN CAN BEAT MAGNUSEN EASILY AND SO CAN A NUMBER OF OTHERS.

VICTOR A. JOHNSTON

PORTLAND, ORE.

¶ TIME agrees that the word "unbeatable" overstates the case, stands by the rest of its story, which its reporters got from Reader Johnston.—ED.

The Bald Truth

Sir:

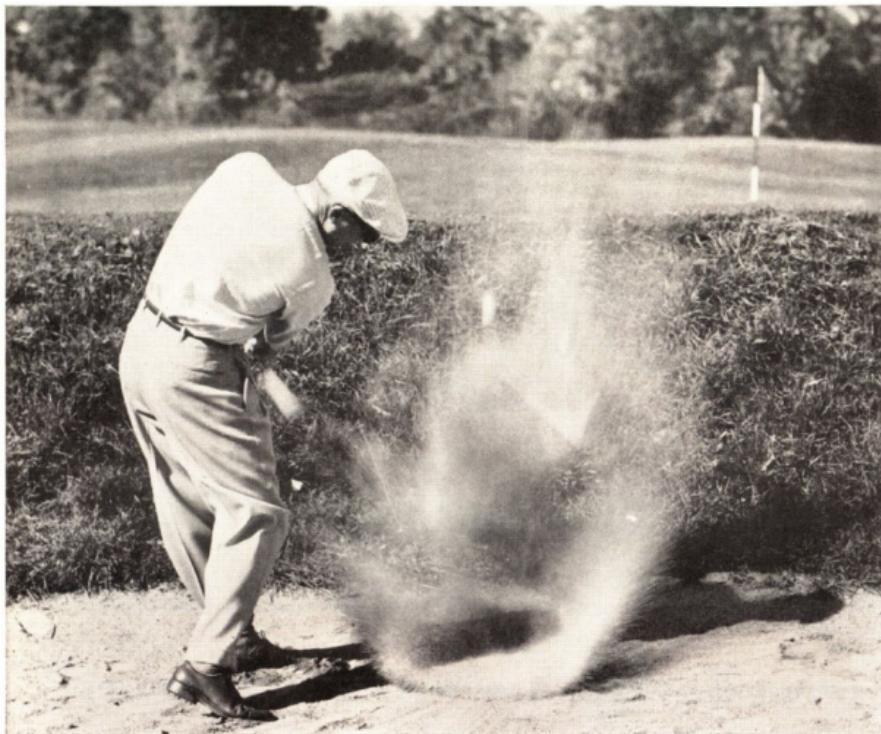
With reference to Governor Goodwin Knight's comments on President Eisenhower—"This man isn't handsome. He's almost

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There's also a lot of brake lining poorly made of inferior ingredients that can't withstand today's severe requirements. It is foisted upon disinterested customers because there's

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bald"—Jan. 30]: one is reminded of the tactless mother-in-law who, on meeting her new daughter-in-law for the first time, remarked, "Why, you're not at all pretty, are you?" The young bride replied, "No, I am not pretty, so I try to be nice. Have you ever tried that?"

H. W. GRANT

Atlanta

Amateur Wrestling

Sir:

It is a source of delight to me to find TIME [Jan. 23] giving the sport spotlight to amateur wrestling via "Bethlehem's Champ." It is refreshing to see such an article in the welter of stuff and nonsense intended to promote, rather than discourage, the utterly stupid "rassling" that callous promoters continue to foist on the naive public.

ALOYSIUS SCHUSZLER

Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Sir:

The most cursory examination of the record will show that "probably the No. 1 wrestling town in the U.S." is not "Bethlehem, Pa.," home of Lehigh University. Lehigh indeed! During the time I was a member of the Oklahoma Aggie wrestling team we never once succeeded in scheduling the "hotted of wrestling" schools, Lehigh and Penn State, try as we would. My understanding is they still are being prudent about whom they wrestle. Certainly Lehigh is to be congratulated on having produced a national champion ["Ike" Eichelberger], but this is an every-year occurrence at Oklahoma A. and M.

ORVILLE PALMER

Princeton, N.J.

Sir:

Eichelberger was voted the outstanding wrestler last year in both the Eastern Inter-collegiate and National Collegiate Tournaments. It is his desire, of course, to make the U.S. Olympic Team, and the final tryouts will be held in Los Angeles at the end of April. This year, for the first time, the U.S. is sending eight Greco-Roman wrestlers, as well as eight free-style wrestlers^{to} the Olympics.

JOHN H. DRUMMOND
Manager

U.S. Olympic Wrestling Team
Los Angeles

Rebel Yells

Sir:

Surprised that you discuss our problems on segregation [Jan. 30] so lightly. It seems there are some things about the South that you damyankees just can't comprehend.

JOE BOLEMON

Columbia, S.C.

Sir:

Time should bow in shame for having the author of "The Negative Power" on its staff. Writing of this sort is as much a sin as segregation itself. Such articles, which give no credit for any reasonable efforts at conforming to the Supreme Court's decision, make us almost anxious to join Dixie demagogues just for spite. Do you honestly think it was a report of news, or just an opportunity for a Yankee snob to feel smug?

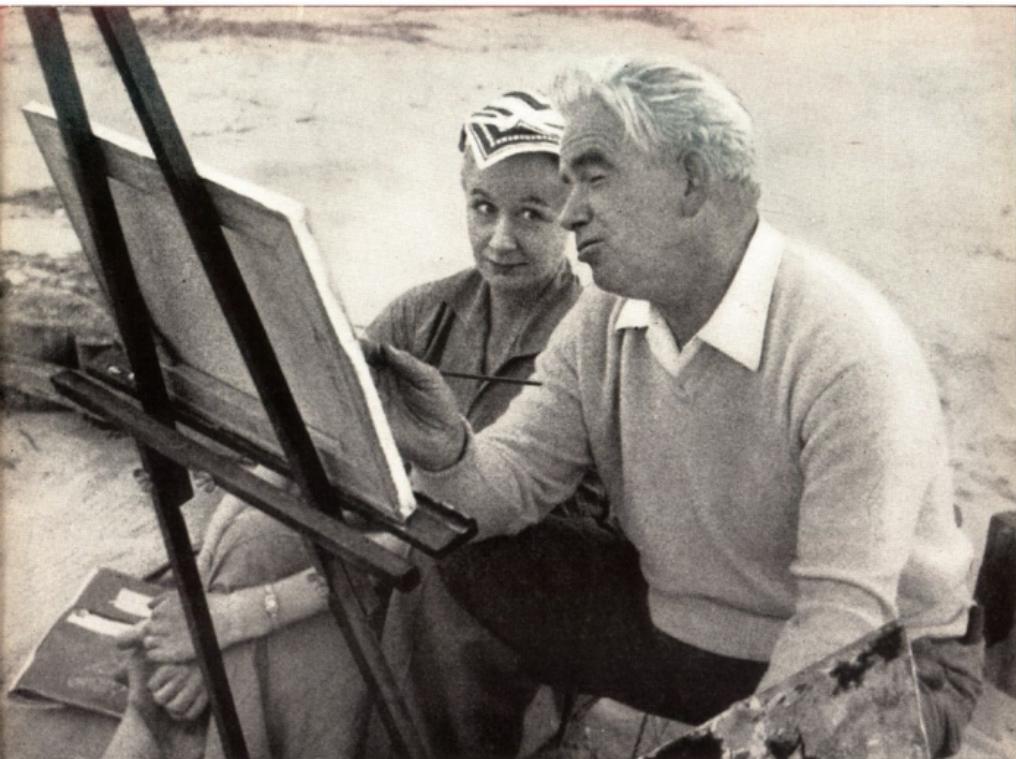
EDWIN L. ROGERS

Hickory, N.C.

Sir:

Thank God for your two statements: "The path of interposition leads in a direction that sober Southerners faced with aching hearts" and "No doubt, there is a better

* Greco-Roman rules prohibit tripping and holds below the waist; free-style allows holds on any part of the body.



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answer than Civil War II . . ." Perhaps, closer and closer draws the second Fort Sumter and the irresistible force meeting the immovable object. As for myself, a Southerner of 33, my reserve officer's uniform will always be olive drab, and never grey.

HOWARD H. KILLINGSWORTH
Moreland Ga.

Sir:

You quote Governor Coleman of Mississippi as saying "the white people of Mississippi are not a race of Negro killers. Official figures for 1954 show that in that year eight white people were killed by Negroes, while 182 Negroes were killed by members of their own race." Of what significance and comparative value are these figures? Should you not have stated the number of Negroes killed by whites in 1954?

RAYMOND H. SMITH
Mount Vernon, N.Y.

¶ Six.—Ed.

Soldier's Prayer

Sir:

I was very much impressed by the prayer of an unknown Confederate soldier quoted by you in the Jan. 2 issue. I should like to know something about the poem's source. How does anyone know that it was written by a Confederate soldier, and so forth? Where is it on record?

KARL A. MENNINGER, M.D.
The Menninger Foundation
Topeka, Kans.

¶ Presidential Candidate Adlai Stevenson, whose Christmas card bore the prayer, got it from a book called *Think on These Things* by the Rev. Dr. John Ellis Large (rector of Manhattan's Episcopal Church of the Heavenly Rest), who, in turn, had clipped and saved the original from a newspaper some 25 years ago when he was a student at Hartford's Trinity College.—Ed.

Club Report

Sir:

Your Jan. 23 story errs in stating that "the Blue Jay Parents' Club passed a resolution denouncing any such move" [towards desegregation]. The resolution was proposed at the club meeting, but it was thrown out by our principal, Father Stalworth, as against the constitution of the club. The whole issue at stake at this time was whether the Jesuits would continue to decide the policies at Jesuit High School or would surrender this right to the parents. The vast majority of the parents have approved our stand.

(THE REV.) HARRY L. CRANE, S.J.
President
Jesuit High School
New Orleans, La.

The Case of the Abominable Snowman
Sir:

In TIME, Jan. 23, you show a picture of footprints (or pawprints) of a "traveling snowman." Obviously, those prints were made by a three-legged fellow (probably a fuzzy, furry type) who was turning cart-wheels. Let's not worry about him; he's having fun.

R. E. MORRISON
Eureka, Calif.

Sir:

The traveling Abominable Snowman is no other than a beautiful snow leopard.

LOIS WELLER BECKSFORT
Athens, Ohio



The beautiful motor car pictured above is the brilliant climax of fifty-four years of devotion to a single purpose: to build as fine a motor car as is practicable to produce. Only from such long and such dedicated service to this ideal could come a motor car so inspiring in beauty—so magnificent in luxury . . . and so fine in performance. For nothing great can be created suddenly. We suggest that you see and drive this new Cadillac soon. You will find, we know, that it stands uniquely alone in all the things that make a motor car good and wonderful.

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in how cool and buoyant a de luxe fur felt can be. The band is narrow, and the binding matches the felt in tone. In shades with the lift of Spring. A try-on? Right! You're next, sir! OTHER STETSON HATS \$10 TO \$100. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

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THE NATION

A Poll's Point

At a "Salute to Eisenhower" dinner in Washington last month, the President of the U.S. wondered publicly whether he should run for a second term, and indicated that he yearned for counsel. Said he: "I could devoutly wish that there were some method by which the American people could, under the circumstances, point out the path of my true duty. But it appears that this is a question that first I alone must answer." Undeterred by the "but," Pollster George Gallup saw his own duty, and set out to satisfy the President's yearning.

Last week, Gallup announced the results of his path-pointing poll, which turned on three key political questions:

¶ Question No. 1: "Do you approve or disapprove of the way Eisenhower is handling his job as President?" Results: approve, 77%; disapprove, 13%; no opinion, 10%. This was the second highest rating (highest: 70% after the Summit conference last August; lowest: 57% after the 1954 congressional elections) that the Gallup poll had recorded for Dwight Eisenhower since he became President of the U.S.

¶ Question No. 2: "Would you like to see Eisenhower run?" Results: yes, 61%; no, 25%; no opinion, 14%. To the same question in April 1955, before the heart attack, 68% said they wanted the President to be a candidate.

¶ Question No. 3: "Do you think President Eisenhower will run?" Sixty percent said yes. This indicated that the President's performance since he got back on the job has convinced a great number of Americans that he is ready, willing and able. Last October, not long after the heart attack, only 26% of the voters questioned (see cut) thought he might run.

This week the President began collecting some statistics and figures of his own, which will add to an answer that will send the pollsters beating new paths for months to come.

THE PRESIDENCY

Answer in View

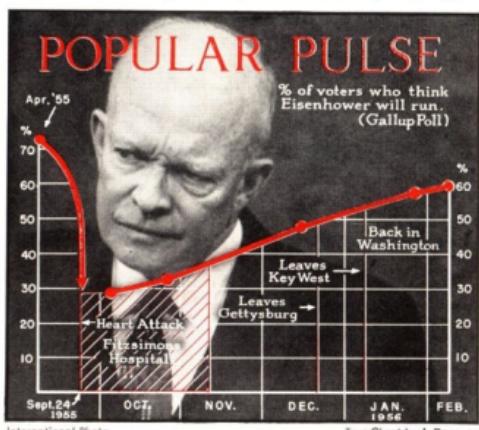
When and how will the nation get the answer? Last week Dwight Eisenhower set time and place for the news about his second-term decision. Probable time of his announcement: before March 1. Probable place: a White House press conference (supplemented by "a larger explanation"—presumably on TV and radio).

is the first time I have thought of it." His brother Milton? "If he has any political ambition, it is unknown to me." Had he meant to oppose Chief Justice Earl Warren as a possible candidate in a press conference two weeks before (TIME, Feb. 6), "Oppose? For goodness sake. I appointed him as Chief Justice . . . There are many ways in which he could be a candidate. And if he were, he would have no opposition from me."

To a question about how he was standing up to the presidential work load, he answered: "At times unquestionably I . . . feel more tired than I think I would have in the past, but that may be also just advancing years. The doctors certainly say that my physical reactions, the clinical record, is splendid today." It was toward the end of his conference that Ike seemed to contribute the most fascinating (and baffling) clue of the day. Said he: "I have my own ideas of what is a proper sphere of activity for the President of the United States. One of them . . . is that he doesn't go out barnstorming for himself under any conditions, and even had I stood for the presidency again, and never experienced this heart attack, I would never have gone out barnstorming for myself."

Joint Conclusion. Ike did make it clear that his final decision would be based primarily on his own evaluation of his ability to carry the burdens of the presidency, not alone on medical reports. "A doctor's sole care," he told his press conference, "is with his patient. He doesn't have to think about the things I do in trying to solve this problem."

Nonetheless, at week's end Dwight Eisenhower drove out to the Walter Reed Army Hospital, and for more than an hour submitted to a battery of tests—blood chemistry, fluoroscope, X ray and electrocardiogram. (Newsmen dutifully noted that he was grim-faced as he entered the hospital, smiling as he emerged.) This week, armed with the joint conclusions of Presidential Physician Howard Snyder and three cardiac experts (in-



For the rest, the President's news conference continued history's frankest discussion of the thought processes leading up to an important decision of state. Probed to a reporter: "I am curious as to whether . . . you have given thought to the possible impact of [your] announcement on the stock market." Said Ike: "I have never said anything that was more hopeful than any doctor said. I have, on the contrary, tried to be a little bit on the let's say, cautionary side rather than on the optimistic [side] in the hope that . . . there would not be that kind of a shock."

"For Goodness Sake." Reporters pressed in hard to find if they could catch any new thinking about a possible heir apparent in case Ike does not run. Had he thought of what New York's ex-Governor Tom Dewey might do in the campaign? Said Ike: "I have not—this

cluding Heart Specialist Paul Dudley White), the President was scheduled to slip off with Mamie for a week's vacation at Treasury Secretary George Humphrey's Georgia plantation. Soon after his return to Washington, he is expected to answer the question that has dominated U.S. politics ever since his heart attack.

Protocol Short Cut

Traditionally, each newly arrived foreign ambassador to the U.S. presents his credentials to the President in a stiff ceremony calling for brief formal speeches on both sides. Since Ike's heart attack, however, ambassadors new to Washington have been forced to content themselves with presenting their credentials to the State Department. To compensate them for the change, the President last week tried a timesaving new wrinkle in diplomacy—a protocol-free stag luncheon for the twelve ambassadors he had not yet met. Pleased with the opportunity to meet the President and his staff informally, the ambassadors were so enthusiastic that Ike's innovation bids fair to become standard operating procedure.

Last week the President also:

¶ Sent to Congress a message urging liberalization of the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act and re-examination of the antiquated national quota system, which discriminates against would-be immigrants from Southern and Eastern Europe. Among his specific suggestions: an increase in the number of immigrants admitted annually from the present 154,657 to 220,000.

¶ Approved a significant \$5,000,000 aid program to Ceylon, hitherto denied U.S. economic assistance because of its refusal to end sales of rubber to Red China.

¶ Named as members of the U.S. Air Force Academy's Board of Visitors Charles Lindbergh, Physician Arthur Compton, ex-Air Force Chief of Staff Carl Spaatz, Iowa State University President Virgil Hancher, Michigan State College President John Hannah and Chrysler's Board Chairman K. (for Kaufman) T. Keller.

¶ Appointed as his Special Assistant for Aviation Facilities Planning Eastman Kodak Vice President Edward Peck Curtis, World War I combat airman and veteran Reserve officer, who rose in World War II from major to major general and chief of staff to General "Tooley" Spaatz. Close friend of the President, "Ted" Curtis includes in his postwar record one overnight tour during the 1952 Chicago convention as baby sitter to Ike's grandchildren.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Trevor & the Missiles

In his enthusiasm to get the U.S. going on a guided-missile program (TIME, Jan. 30), Welsh-born Trevor Gardner, 40, Assistant Secretary of the Air Force for Research and Development, stepped on many toes. Last year, when he told Congress that Air Force research and development funds for fiscal 1956 should be

boosted about \$200 million over the \$551 million budgeted by the Pentagon, he was flatly overruled by Air Force Secretary Donald Quarles. Nor did Gardner have any luck with his protests against the \$610 million research and development budget for fiscal 1957.

Last week energetic Trevor Gardner resigned his Air Force job. Some Washington sophisticates were quick to recall that the Senate Investigations Subcommittee had recently questioned him about a possible "conflict of interests" violation. (Before going to Washington, Gardner was president of California's Hycon Manufacturing Co., an electronics concern that has worked on guided missiles.) Others suggested that Gardner was miffed because Defense Secretary Wilson, who recently decided to appoint a "czar" for the whole U.S. guided-missile program, had



International

TREVOR GARDNER
What comes down won't go up.

passed him over for the job. Gardner himself offered the straightforward explanation that he was leaving because of "an honest difference of opinion about the level of support for the Air Force research and development program."

Whatever its cause, Gardner's resignation added considerable volume to the guided-missile hubbub that has arisen since Washington's Democratic Senator Henry Jackson warned early this month that the U.S.S.R. appeared to be outstripping the U.S. in guided-missile development. Asked about this charge at his press conference last week, President Eisenhower replied: "I think, overall, we have no reason to believe that we are not doing everything that human science and brains and resources can do to keep our position in a proper posture." Ike's confidence, however, did not allay the uproar. By week's end three congressional committees were planning to investigate the guided-missile program.

Ed & Mr. Mansure

In the White House mail one recent morning, there was a letter to President Eisenhower from General Services Administrator Edmund F. (or Forsman) Mansure. After describing the really fine job he thought he had done as head of the U.S. Government's mammoth purchasing, housekeeping and property-managing agency, Mansure wrote that he was resigning for "personal" reasons. He signed himself "Ed." With pointed promptness, the President shot back a letter to "Mr. Mansure," coolly accepting the resignation. From the exchange, outsiders could guess what insiders knew: before Ed had taken pen in hand, he had been summoned to the White House and informed that it was time to go.

Sharp Whistle. A wealthy Chicago textile manufacturer, Mansure, 54, had run GSA since May 1953. In the process he had built a reputation as a money-saving, detail man. So meticulous that he separates the meat from the potatoes when eating beef hash, he saved paper clips, and put three-minute egg timers on subordinates' desks to shorten telephone calls. But Mansure's fine eye for housekeeping details (which won the praise of the Hoover Commission) was not always matched by a clear view of the bigger picture. He seemed to have one standard for office efficiency and quite another for political shenanigans.

Last August FORTUNE, in a microscopic study of GSA operations, blew a sharp whistle on Mr. Mansure. He had stubbornly kept on the payroll, in important positions, many of the political hacks who had given GSA a bad name under the Truman Administration. What's more, there was evidence that his own personal political friends were scooping up some broad-raising favors.

Old Hand. His closest political pal was one William J. Balmer, a Republican power in Chicago since the second corrupt reign (1927-31) of "Big Bill" Thompson. An old hand at doing business with GSA (the Justice Department is suing him for \$400,000 on the ground that he used fraudulent means to buy surplus Government property), Balmer sponsored Mansure for the GSA job, and then began to advise him frequently on important contracts. At just the right time Balmer registered as an insurance broker and obtained, through Mansure's GSA, a whopping insurance contract at the U.S. Government's Nicaro nickel plant in Cuba. Estimated take for Balmer's firm: \$40,000.

When these and other curious events and operations in GSA came to light, Congress, the White House and the Department of Justice began to take a quizzical look at Mansure's management. The eventual result was the polite and pointed exchange of letters. As he cleaned out his desk last week, Mansure expressed a bit of philosophy that explained a great deal. "I stand by my friends," he said. "I felt about Balmer the same way Harry Truman felt about Pendergast."

THE CONGRESS

Gas Money

The U.S. Senate could hardly have been more serene. Debate on the natural-gas bill (TIME, Jan. 30 *et seq.*) was nearing an end, the opposition was wheezing its last, the votes to pass the bill seemed well in hand. When South Dakota's commanding Republican Senator Francis Case rose to speak, it was the signal for other Senators to burrow deeper into their newspapers or strike up desultory conversation with their neighbors. But by the time Francis Case sat down, he had shaken the Senate to its foundations.

He had been favorably inclined toward the gas bill, Case related, but he had decided finally to vote against it. His reason: he had received \$2,500 as a "campaign contribution" from a non-South Dakota lawyer, a stranger to Case, who was interested in passage of the gas bill. Case refused to name the lawyer, who was vague about other details, but was clear in

tee—but not until after the gas-bill vote. "The Senate of the U.S. can ill afford to prostrate itself before phantoms," thundered Johnson. "This is no time for hesitation." The Senate did not hesitate; it followed its leaders and defeated all efforts to postpone a vote. After 10½ hours of maneuvering, the gas bill was passed and sent to the President by a vote of 53 (22 Democrats, 31 Republicans) to 38 (24 Democrats, 14 Republicans).

Honor Beclouded. Then, with an augh from stown, the Senate turned to deal with Francis Case, who by devious but predictable senatorial reasoning was thought to have clouded the honor of the entire body. Georgia's Senator Walter George was named to head the special committee investigating the Case contribution. Meek Francis Case (he was so overwhelmed by his notoriety that at one time newsmen found him hiding, face half-shielded, in a telephone booth) was the first witness.

Case's opening statement rambled from South Dakota weather (blustery) to his

the gas bill." Said Steadman: "You don't know the answers to any of those questions. You are certainly leaping to a lot of conclusions."

Scouting Trip. But that Francis Case had leaped to some pretty accurate conclusions was indicated when Lawyer John Neff was called as a witness. Neff identified himself as a \$12,000-a-year lobbyist for California's Superior Oil Co., which also produces natural gas. Last fall, said Neff, he went to South Dakota to scout Case's views on the gas bill, wound up talking to the business manager of the *Argus Leader*, Ernest J. Kahler. Neff inquired if Case needed campaign funds. Kahler said he might. Neff asked Kahler to find out how Case stood on the gas bill. Kahler subsequently wrote that Case was inclined toward the bill.

Last January, Neff continued, he also learned from aides in Case's Washington office that Case was favorably disposed toward the gas bill. He therefore went to the Shoreham Hotel, where he talked to



PATMAN



NEFF



KAHLER



CASE

Walter Bennett

Twenty-five old \$100 bills clogged the pipeline.

his implication of vote-buying by gas producers.

Bypassed Phantoms. The gas bill's supporters, anxious to get it passed and rid gas producers of federal supervision, were aghast. The contribution to Case, suggested Oklahoma's Democratic Senator Mike Monroney, was a "dead cat" planted by an opponent of the bill so as to cast suspicion on all Senators voting for the measure. And, snapped Arkansas' Democratic Senator William Fulbright, Case had better be ready to detail his charges "if he expects to stay in public life." Between the time of Case's speech and the day on which the gas-bill vote was scheduled, the bill's managers had a single weekend to get their legislation back on the tracks. They were able to do so only because of the skill of Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, who had dedicated long hours to making the way straight for the bill.

Last week, on the day of voting, Johnson was ready. With the approval of Minority Leader William Knowland, Johnson demanded that the Case charges be investigated by a special Senate commit-

tee remedy for sinus headaches (a nasal jelly). But there were some hard facts. On Jan. 25, said Case, he received word from South Dakota that a Nebraska lawyer named John Neff had contributed \$2,500 to his campaign. Since Case had never received more than \$300 in a single contribution, the news "sort of took my breath away." The donation was especially puzzling because Neff's name "did not mean anything to me." Case therefore checked around, learned that Neff had been asking around about Case's attitude toward the gas bill. Said Case: "I was alerted." And thus alerted, he made his Senate speech.

Committee Counsel Charles W. Steadman bore in on cross-examination while the Senators on the committee watched approvingly. Asked Steadman: "Do you claim anything illegal was done?" Murmured Case: "I don't know. I'm not an attorney." Snapped Steadman: "You are the only one who can tell us whether you feel there was an improper attempt to influence your vote." Replied Case, shrilly: "I do not know . . . All I know is that it was left by a man who was interested in

Elmer Patman, an attorney for Superior Oil, and recommended the contribution to Case. Patman peeled off \$2,500 from a "personal" fund, which he handled for Superior's President Howard Keck of Los Angeles. Later, Neff flew to South Dakota and turned 25 old \$100 bills over to Kahler for delivery to the Senator's campaign fund.

Explosive Pressures. Called in his turn by the committee, Patman told of giving the money to Neff. Said he: "I told him, when you deliver it, make it very clear this money is the money of an individual . . . and there are no strings attached to it."

Would Patman have given Neff the money if Case were opposed to the bill? asked Counsel Steadman. Patman hedged, then said: "As far as I'm personally concerned, the answer would have been no!"

Up to week's end the leaders of the Senate had managed to confine the hearings to the specific Case incident. But throughout the legislative history of the gas bill, lobbyists both for and against the measure had been applying explosive high pressures. The Case case was just

one—and not necessarily the most flagrant—instance of their activity. The general aroma would linger on until the Senate itself cleared the air with a full-scale investigation of gas-bill lobbying that would doubtless reach far beyond Francis Case, the man who fortunately checks the commas.

Rigid Minds, Rigid Props

In the Midwest the snigger of the week was about the new "Benson tractor"—built without a seat, to accommodate farmers who have lost their pants. In Washington Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson had little time for worrying about such Farm Belt jeers: he had on his hands an urgent, deadly serious piece of business with members of the Senate Agriculture Committee.

One noon Benson stepped from his official Cadillac outside the Senate Office Building, tugged grimly on his broad-brimmed hat, and hurried to keep a luncheon date with three Republican Farm Belt Senators: Minnesota's Edward Thye, South Dakota's Karl Mundt and North Dakota's Milton Young. A few days earlier, in a preliminary Agriculture Committee vote, all three had sided with an eight-to-seven majority for restoring farm supports pegged rigidly at 90% of parity. This invitation to new surpluses was patently ridiculous, because the committee had also voted for the Administration's soil-bank program, designed to cut surpluses (and later upped the Administration's soil-bank request for \$1.17 billion by \$175 million). If Benson could persuade one of the G.O.P. three to switch, this year's farm bill could be sent to the Senate floor without the contradiction between high props and soil bank.

For 90 minutes, over a veal-and-rice casserole in Thye's office, Ezra Benson tried for a conversion. He failed.

That same day President Eisenhower wrote Vermont's Republican Senator George Aiken, strongly urging the committee to turn down rigid supports. "I should be gravely concerned," said the President, "if the soil bank should be coupled with the restitution of production incentives." Later, White House Press Secretary James Hagerty threw out pointed hints of a presidential veto of a farm bill containing a 90%-parity clause. These moves failed too. After a 14-hour, table-thumping session, the Agriculture Committee backed rigid supports, contradiction and all. The vote was still eight to seven; not a mind had been changed.

Last week the House:

¶ Shouted through and shot to the Senate a \$3.6 billion Post Office-Treasury Department appropriations bill, pleasantly aware, in an election year, that it was nearly two weeks earlier than any previous appropriations bill in modern history.

¶ Unanimously passed and sent to the Senate a bill raising from \$50 to \$78 the monthly pay of preadult-age youths who sign up for the reserves under the six-month training program.

THE POST OFFICE The Case for a Raise

Despite the ire that it regularly arouses in its 166 million clients, the U.S. Post Office Department in recent years has been a surprisingly well-run organization. Harry Truman's last Postmaster General, Careerman Jesse Donaldson, did his best to cut the department's traditional deficits by adopting the most drastic possible economy measure—abolition of twice-a-day mail delivery in residential districts. Under Eisenhower's Postmaster General, Michigan Chevrolet Dealer Arthur Summerfield, the volume of mail handled by the department has jumped from \$2 billion to \$6 billion pieces a year, while the annual deficit has been chopped from a



POSTMASTER GENERAL SUMMERFIELD
Postage due: \$500 million.

record \$727 million in fiscal 1952 to an estimated \$467 million for fiscal 1957.

In their efforts to make the Post Office Department pay its own way (the books have balanced only 13 times in the last 100 years), both Donaldson and Summerfield came up against one insurmountable obstacle. Postal rates today are substantially the same as they were in 1932. Meantime, the cost of everything else, including Post Office operations, has more than doubled. Result: a built-in Post Office Department deficit that, given present rates, promises to run at least \$500 million a year, and could well reach a billion dollars if volume and population continue to expand.

To rid the Post Office of this incubus, Summerfield last week asked Congress for a raise in postal rates calculated to add more than \$400 million to Post Office income next year. He was backed four-square by President Eisenhower, who told his press conference that "self-respect demands a raise in postal rates."

Overhauled Books. Summerfield was in a strong position to make the request. Soon after he was sworn in as Postmaster General in January 1953, Summerfield discovered that the Post Office Department's 500,000 employees did not include a single certified public accountant and that the most up-to-date financial report on departmental operations month by month was a year and a half old. To remedy this state of affairs, he called in topflight Chicago Accountant Maurice Stans, who overhauled post-office accounting procedures from top to bottom.

Along with an improved accounting system, Summerfield adopted a variety of moneysaving devices ranging from elimination of 3,000 small post offices to use of production-line delivery trucks instead of expensive, specially built models. (Some noteworthy Summerfield innovations: abolition of the silly regulation that prohibited enclosure of letters in packages; installation of "snorkel" mailboxes that can be reached from automobiles; distribution of bright, new ballpoints to replace that traditional bane of U.S. life, the scratchy, ink-spitting post-office pen.)

Clear Choice. Most impressive of all, Summerfield managed to combine a sharp cut in Post Office Department costs with a long-overdue salary raise for postal employees and improved service to the public.

Summerfield's specific proposals for new rates—first-class mail to 4¢ an ounce, air mail to 7¢, and a 30% increase in second- and third-class mail—were open to argument on detail. But there could be no doubt that some increase was necessary in all three classes of mail. Congress—which last year denied a similar Summerfield request—was faced with a clear choice: higher postal rates or indefinite continuance of the built-in Post Office deficit.

DEMOCRATS

The Race Issue Explodes

As the U.S. Supreme Court's segregation decision of May 17, 1954 flared to life in rioting, threats and clamor through the South (see EDUCATION), the whole civil rights issue was ticking like a time bomb in the center of the Democratic Party. Last week it exploded.

Campaigning through California, Adlai Stevenson found himself bombarded by hard-hitting questions from Negro leaders. His answers left behind a trail of disillusionment and downright anger. Urging moderation, he said the Federal Government must go slowly in enforcing desegregation, using education and persuasion rather than force. He came out flatly (as President Eisenhower had) against the proposal by Harlem's Democratic Congressman Adam Clayton Powell Jr. to deny federal aid to segregated school districts. Would he use the Army and Navy, if necessary, to enforce the Supreme Court decision? "I think that would be a great mistake," said Stevenson. "That is exactly

what brought on the Civil War. It can't be done by troops or bayonets. We must proceed gradually, not upsetting habits or traditions that are older than the Republic."

Friendly Hedge. Also swinging through California, Campaigner Estes Kefauver faced the same kind of questions and left behind an entirely different impression. Calling the Emmett Till case in Mississippi "a horrible murder," he said he favored a federal anti-mob statute. In a friendly but carefully hedged statement he indicated that he would support Powell's proposal if it became necessary, and if it could be worded to protect the purposes of the school-aid bill. If elected President, he said, he would 1) appoint a commission of white and Negro educational leaders in the South to confer and make recommendations, and 2) do all he could, if it became necessary, to deny federal aid to states that defied the authority of the Constitution and the courts.

Before the week's exchange of views was finished, California Negroes were shifting from Stevenson to Kefauver in noticeable numbers. Said Franklin H. Williams, West Coast counsel for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People: "Stevenson uses high-sounding phrases, but they lack content." In Manhattan the *New York Post*, long a devout supporter of Stevenson, cried in a full-page editorial that his utterances on the discrimination issue had been "inadequate . . . fragmentary and uninspired." At Miami Beach, where the A.F.L.-C.L.O. Executive Council was holding its first meeting, other Stevenson followers expressed shocked horror. Obviously shaken, A.F.L.-C.L.O. Vice President Walter Reuther said Stevenson was "dead wrong this time." Moaned James Carey, chairman of the civil rights committee: "He wants the nomination, but he's setting up the election for Nixon."

Rough Time. Basically the positions of Adlai Stevenson and Estes Kefauver on the discrimination issue were not far apart. The fact that Kefauver's direct and politically conscious way of stating his case was more effective only proved a larger point. The basic division on segregation between the Democratic Deep South and the liberal Democratic North (critically dependent on the Negro vote in key states) is now out in the open; there are rough times ahead for the man who would be moderate with both sides.

No one knew this better than "inactive" Candidate Averell Harriman and his politically wise advisers, including Tammany Hall Sachem Carmine De Sario, and this week they made the most of it. Appearing on a radio panel show, Harriman jumped in with both feet. He 1) defended the Powell amendment, and 2) demanded "immediate federal enforcement" of the Supreme Court's desegregation ruling.

The strategy was obvious: as Harriman & Co. see it, holding the Negro vote in the North promises to be a greater political problem for a Democrat than carrying the South.

CRIME Miss Minnie's Millions

Everyone who knew her had to admire plump, kindly Minnie Mangum of Norfolk, Va. Generous to a fault, Miss Minnie showered her friends with expensive presents and gave openhandedly to charity. What made Minnie's generosity all the more admirable was that since early girlhood she had worked hard to support her invalid mother and blind sister.

Minnie's virtue had not been without its rewards, however. At 52 she was assistant secretary-treasurer of the Norfolk Commonwealth Building and Loan Association, and according to an admiring interview in the Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch* more than two years ago, her \$9,000 sal-



Billy Abernethie

MINNIE MANGUM
Fired Cannon did damage.

ary made her "the highest-paid woman building and loan employee in Virginia." Not that anybody doubted that Minnie earned every penny of her salary. For 20 years she had literally run Commonwealth's business, auditing accounts for four branches as well as the home office. She also did all the hiring and firing, and she preferred girls without hookkeeping experience because they were more likely to be eager "to learn my system."

Last fall Minnie hired a new clerk, Esther Marie Cannon, who, as it turned out, was an experienced bookkeeper. Some of Minnie's accounting methods struck Esther as odd, and in November she openly expressed her doubts. Minnie fired her on the spot, but the damage was done. Shortly before Christmas, a team of federal auditors descended on Minnie's office, and after one horrified look at her books, decided that Commonwealth might be short as much as \$900,000.

After a full day's questioning, Minnie finally signed an admission of her guilt

(which she later retracted), was thereafter arrested on a charge of having stolen the nominal sum of \$100,000. Last week, in the midst of their second 30-day check of Minnie's tangled accounts, federal auditors revealed that Commonwealth's entire reserve fund of almost \$2,200,000 seemed to be missing. It was beginning to look as though Miss Minnie had been not only the highest-paid woman building and loan employee in Virginia but also the most spectacular embezzler in U.S. history.

HISTORICAL NOTES

MacArthur v. Truman

In the chapter of Harry Truman's memoirs that deals with the firing of General Douglas MacArthur during the Korean war, one word instantly caught Douglas MacArthur's eye: "insubordination." MacArthur boiled up in anger. "Now, for the first time," he wrote in an answer to Truman in last week's *LIFE*, "[Mr. Truman] bases his action on what he terms insubordination, one of the most serious of all military offenses and one which throughout our military annals has never been made without the officer concerned being given a hearing and the opportunity to defend himself . . .

"This belated claim of insubordination is made by [Truman] not as a public official but as a private citizen . . . Had Mr. Truman made such a charge against me at the time of my relief, or even later during his tenure of office, I would have had the right and privilege to ask that a Court of Inquiry sit in judicial judgment upon his allegations. But he made no such charge, confining himself instead to administrative reasons for my replacement by an officer of his selection—a decision which . . . left me with no remedy, either in law or tradition."

Rejected Charge. The real cause of his dismissal, MacArthur wrote, may have been "my recommendation made in January [1951] that a treason trial be instituted to break up a spy ring responsible for the purloining of my top-secret reports to Washington." This recommendation, he suggested pointedly, probably seemed to Truman a politically inspired "red herring" designed to embarrass the Administration. But in fact, MacArthur theorized, Red China would never have risked troops in Korea without advance information that its Manchurian bases would be immune from U.S. attack. Likely "links in the chain to our enemy in Korea": British Spies Guy Burgess, then a member of Britain's diplomatic staff in Washington, and Donald Maclean, head of the American Department in Britain's Foreign Office (see *FOREIGN NEWS*).

Harry Truman's account reported that the decision to fire MacArthur was unanimously endorsed by Secretary of Defense General George Marshall, Secretary of State Dean Acheson, Presidential Adviser Averell Harriman, and by General Omar Bradley and his entire Joint Chiefs of Staff. MacArthur replied by accusing each

of these principals of personal prejudices against him: Marshall's "enmity was an old one"; Harriman resented a heated conference in Tokyo; Acheson "had frequently exhibited petulance" because of MacArthur's interference with the State Department's "socialistic concepts" for Japan. As for Bradley, his enmity "undoubtedly had its origin in my refusal to accept him as my senior ground commander for the invasion of Japan . . . because of his decisions and actions connected with the Battle of the Bulge, where he was the ground commander and which resulted in approximately as many American casualties as were sustained in the entire Southwest Pacific Area campaigns."⁶

Accepted Colossus. On the most essential point at issue between Truman and himself, MacArthur had a stronger case—and some sharp observations about the

OHIO

The Lonely One

[See Cover]

"Everybody is crazy about him," says a clubwoman from Sandusky, "and wonders why." And well they might; by all the ground rules, Governor Frank John Lausche of Ohio ought to be the worst kind of political liability. At 60 he is an unfraternal Democrat who often talks and acts like a Republican. He is the implacable enemy of lobbies and pressure groups of all kinds. Big-shot Republicans resent him; organization Democrats detest him; labor leaders denounce him as the foe of the workingman. His immigrant parentage arouses the suspicion of Mayflowering Americans. Protestants are skeptical of his Roman Catholic raising; devout Catholics deplore the fact that he

accustomed eye seems politically wrong, and, to hear them talk, nearly everybody in Ohio is against him. Everybody, that is, except the voters.

For 25 years, from his goulash days as a ward heeler in Cleveland's working-class districts to the governor's mansion in Columbus, Lausche (rhymes with how she) has successfully violated the ground rules and spectacularly bucked bosses, bigots and big shots. Nearly every time that he has run for office Ohio's tabulating machines have clanked out record-breaking jackpots for him:

¶ In 1943, for his second term as mayor of Cleveland, he coppered 71% of the vote, an alltime record.

¶ In 1952, in the teeth of the Eisenhower hurricane, he won a fourth term as governor, with an unprecedented margin of 425,000 votes—just 75,000 short of Ike's own mark in Ohio.

Lausche smoothly broke his own record a year ago, when he was inaugurated (with a cushion of 212,000 votes) as Ohio's first fifth-term governor.* This year he might just as easily have made it an even half dozen. "My belief," he said recently (TIME, Jan. 23), "is that I could have been elected a sixth time . . . However, I would have felt embarrassed to go to the voters and ask them to vote for me on six separate occasions." He feels no embarrassment, though, in asking the voters for another favor: the seat in the U.S. Senate made famous by the late Robert A. Taft, and now uneasily occupied by George Bender. Lausche's eye is firmly fixed on the Senate, but if the Lausche luck holds, he may lift his gaze upward this year to a far more important job in Washington, the presidency.

Southern Comfort. The year 1956 is almost certainly Frank Lausche's cue to enter the stage of national politics. Last week, as the filing day for candidates came and went, Ohio's Democratic Party conceded him its nomination for the Senate without a fight: no one else was willing to challenge him. And nearly all political forecasters give him a vigorous nod over bumbling Republican Bender to win next fall's election. Yet Lausche is hedging his bet with an across-the-board wager. If Adlai Stevenson falters in the primaries or fails to win the presidential nomination on the first ballot at the Democratic Convention next August, Lausche will stand as good a chance as anybody else—better than most—to get a spot on the national ticket. He already has a full-throated cheering gallery below the Mason-Dixon line: Georgia's Senator Richard Russell, Texas' Governor Allan Shivers, Arkansas' Senator John McClellan and other Southerners have warmly endorsed him as a presidential candidate who eminently fits their conservative specifications.

Against Candidates Estes Kefauver, Averell Harriman and others in the Dem-



Akron Beacon-Journal

GOVERNOR LAUSCHE & SENATOR BENDER⁶
One likes the fiddle and Bobbie Burns.

results of Truman's policy in Asia. He notes bitterly that he was the first American commander in history ever denied the right to fight to win. Because the U.S. failed to drive the Communists out of Korea, "Red China promptly was accepted as the military colossus of the East. Korea was left ravished and divided. Indo-China was partitioned by the sword. Tibet was taken almost on demand. Other Asian nations began to tremble toward neutralism . . .

"All this and more has followed from Mr. Truman's fatal decision not to see it through in Korea. It plunged us from an invincible position of moral strength into the confusion of uncertain bewilderment, the practice of doubtful expediency and the eventual misery of timid appeasement."

is, in effect, excommunicated for marrying outside the Catholic Church. Even the schoolteachers of Ohio have reason to dislike him (he once vetoed a pay raise). He is a mystic who plays the violin or reads the poems of Robert Burns when he is moody, who keeps his own counsel, and who often agonizes in his own indecision. He runs from friends offering advice or seeking favors. He is intensely emotional, is sometimes moved to tears by the pathos of his own words.

Record Jackpots. Even in his personal appearance, he violates the rules. His fingernails often need cleaning. His iron-grey hair is as wild as a wad of steel wool. He has an instinct for rumpledness, and only the crafty vigilance of his wife keeps a reasonably presentable crease in his trousers. Nearly everything about Frank John Lausche that meets the un-

* The Army Historical Division places MacArthur's Southwest Pacific casualties at 136,426 and Bradley's Bulge casualties at 81,447.

¶ Center: Publisher John S. Knight of the Akron Beacon-Journal.

¶ The record will stand. In 1954 Ohio voters put a two-term limitation on the governor's office, effective after 1956.

ocratic leftfield, Lausche could muster a formidable dissident vote. He is willing enough, but typically morose about his prospects. Just the same, he has ensured himself a good start by going to Chicago as the favorite son of Ohio's 58-vote delegation. And even if he fails to win the No. 1 spot on the Democratic ticket, the governor is a good bet for the vice-presidential nomination. With his bag of delegates and friends, he might just get it.

Perfect Pitch. As Lausche looks beyond Ohio, many a non-Ohioan is pondering the secret of his success. It is partly a matter of luck. For one thing he has had the good fortune to preside over the state during a period of unparalleled prosperity: the great cities have fattened on industrial expansion; mining has boomed; and even agriculture in family-farm Ohio is relatively prosperous. From Ashtabula to Xenia, the air is filled with mill smoke and the mooing of contented cows; Ohio looks like the happy ending of George Babbitt's dream. Lausche realizes that time and circumstances have blessed him. At the White House Conference for Governors last May, he remarked that he was surprised to see so many new faces among his peers. "Does it frighten you?" asked a reporter. "Yes," said Frank Lausche, in the manner of a man who has pushed his luck a long way.

Lausche's secret is by no means luck alone. He has a powerhouse personality that comes across equally well on a TV screen, at a political rally, at a Croatian steelworker's wedding party, or in the intimacy of a taxicab. He is an instinctive politician right down to his often-unlaced shoes. He is a great orator, a spellbinder of the William Jennings Bryan tradition. His mother was proud of her perfect musical pitch; Frank Lausche has perfect pitch, too—political pitch. Audiences are mesmerized by his warm manner and his melodious voice; if Lausche laughs, his listeners laugh with him; if he occasionally weeps, he also moves his audiences to tears. He senses when to thunder and when to whisper, when to be partisan and when to be patriotic. The printed speeches themselves, are usually florid, often mediocre, sometimes just dull.

Names & Faces. In addition, the man has a rare talent that James A. Farley made famous in politics: almost total recall of names and faces. One day last week, as he was leaving his office in the State Capitol building in Columbus, the governor was approached by a visitor who stopped him with words that are familiar and frightening to every politician: "Governor, you don't remember me, but . . ." Lausche stopped in the corridor, looked the man over. Before he could complete his sentence, Lausche broke in: "Why, yes, I met you in Tiffin two years ago." Then, in a flood, he recalled details of the meeting, and, in a moment, the man's name came to him. When the governor left, the visitor was beaming.

Lausche's humility and sincerity register instantly with the average voter. Moving incessantly around Ohio, he hits

his audiences with speeches that often are wholly unpolitical. "I do not ask you to vote for me," he said in Middletown in 1950. "I would like you to vote for me, but, above all, cast your vote for the good of the nation. Frank Lausche means nothing in the long scope of things as far as America is concerned. Only the nation and the state are important. Listen to the voice of the Americans who fell on the battlefield. Cast selfishness aside, and vote for the good of your state and your country."

Such emotionalism sometimes moves cynics to laughter, political enemies to quivering rage ("He is a fraud and a lie," says Robert Reider, the Democratic candidate to succeed Lausche as governor). But it usually brings cheers from voters of the rank and file. And there can be little doubt of the governor's sincerity and deep patriotism.

Naturalize, Naturally. The governor's father, Louis Lausche, and his mother, Frances Milavec, teen-age immigrants from Slovenia (now part of Yugoslavia), met and married in a Cleveland steelworkers' district. The elder Lausches were passionately patriotic: they helped thousands of newly arrived Slovenes and other immigrants to put down roots in the U.S., gave them room and board until they were settled, and harangued them with patriotic speeches to get their citizenship papers. While Frances Lausche mothered the new arrivals, Louis helped them with their legal and naturalization problems, made good use of his knowledge of English, German, Croatian and Slovenian as an official interpreter. When he was needed as an interpreter, he often took Frank, the second of his ten children, to court with him. Once, when Frank was eleven, he substituted for his father in court.

After their modest fashion the Lausches prospered. On St. Clair Avenue, in the heart of a solid workingman's district, Louis Lausche built the Lausche Building, a two-story frame structure with store fronts below and flats above. Later he bought an adjoining apartment building. At various times the Lausche Building housed a bowling alley, a shop selling Catholic religious articles, the presses of *Ameriska Domovina*, a Slovenian-language weekly, a restaurant, and, until Prohibition, a wineshop, where the Lausches pressed their own wine from Ohio grapes and sold it to an eager Middle European clientele. The Lausche Building was the hub of neighborhood society, the local political forum, and a sanctuary for new arrivals from the old country.

By the time 9 o'clock Mass was over on Sundays, Ma Lausche always had a regiment-sized buffet of breaded chicken, veal and pork chops, with a Slovenian side dish of sauerkraut and Roman beans, on her dining-room table. All day long the relatives, friends and neighbors came visiting—to eat, drink, gossip and talk politics. In the evenings the family circle tightened around the upright piano in the parlor. Every member of the family played a musical instrument, or sang. Ma Lausche assigned the voices and instruments, and led



Associated Press

WITH LITTLE LEAGUERS



WITH VOTER



International

WITH CANTON PRANKSTERS



Associated Press

WITH NAVY MOTHERS

the singing. Almost always, the finale was her favorite: *My Country, 'Tis of Thee*.

After Louis Lausche died in 1908, Frances became a gentle matriarch. "My greatest debt in life is to my mother," says Frank Lausche fervently. "She was a good, charitable person, wanting to help everyone, mettulously avoiding any acts or words that might bring hurt upon other people. Mother was proud of her children. I can still see her, dressed in her old black coat, as she stood in the courtroom and watched me take the oath of office as judge." Ma Lausche did not live to see her most famous son become mayor or governor. She died on the Fourth of July, 1934.

Struggle Upward. Even as youngsters the Lausche kids worked at odd jobs. Frank and his brothers folded and delivered copies of *Amerika's Domovina*. At twelve Frank got his first steady job, at \$2 a week, lighting gas lamps in the neighboring village of Bratenahl. After his father and his older brother Louis Jr. died, he helped Ma Lausche in the wine shop and café. Some biographers have depicted the Widow Lausche and her brood in terms of stark poverty. Actually, they were always as well off as any of their neighbors. Life was a struggle, but it was a struggle upward.

Frank was a good athlete, and baseball was his first love. As a high-school sandlotter, he was hot enough to catch the eye of a professional baseball scout, and in 1916, at 20, he went off to play third base with the Duluth White Sox. His batting average for the season was .300, and he was known as "The Terror of the Northern League." In 1917 Lausche moved up to the Lawrence, Mass. team in the old Class B New England League. But the Eastern pitchers soon discovered his weakness: a low curve on the outside. At the bottom of a slump, Frank was fired, just about the time the U.S. entered World War I. After officers' training school at Camp Gordon, Ga., and Lieut. Lausche began playing third base on the camp team. Another scout spotted him and, on his discharge from the Army, signed him to a contract with the Atlanta Crackers, in the Southern Association, for \$225 a month.

Career by Council. Before reporting for training, Lausche went home to Cleveland. Ma Lausche thereupon called a family council to discuss his future. In the midst of his family, Frank was persuaded to give up professional baseball and study law instead (his brother William, an accomplished pianist and composer, was talked out of a musical career and into dentistry at a similar family meeting). It was an important decision for Frank Lausche and, as it turned out, a wise one. Without any previous college training, he began to study law at night, clerking in a Cleveland law firm during the day, and playing semipro baseball for \$15 a game each weekend (years later, in 1951, Governor Lausche was nominated for—and reluctantly refused—the \$65,000-a-year job of U.S. baseball commissioner).

After 2½ years Lausche graduated from law school, second in his class. He was

also second, in a group of 160 applicants, when he passed his bar examinations with a mark of 91.7. In 1920 he joined Locher, Green & Woods, the law firm where he had clerked. Almost immediately he got into politics, as a leader in Ward 23, Cleveland's strongest Democratic district. He had been widely known in the neighborhood from his lamplighting days, and he had a pleasing platform personality. In 1922 the party put him up for the state assembly. In 1924 he ran for the state senate. He lost both races (only once since, in his first bid for re-election as governor in 1946, has Lausche ever lost at the polls). Discouraged, he drifted out of politics, concentrated on law and the pursuit of the other woman in his life.

Six Dozen Roses. One night, when Frank was a law student, he went on a double date with a lawyer friend, spent



MA LAUSCHE
Perfect pitch.

the evening making calf's eyes at his friend's date, pretty Jane Sheal. After seven years of courtship and engagement, they were married by an Episcopal minister because Jane, a "stubborn Methodist" by her own description, refused to be married in the rites of the Catholic Church. Although Frank was automatically barred by his marriage from receiving the sacraments of his church, Ma Lausche, a devout Catholic, proudly welcomed her daughter-in-law into the family with a bouquet of six dozen American Beauty roses.

Jane Lausche, a wise and witty woman, has been a sturdy asset to her husband. She is a charming hostess, a good housekeeper, and an ornament to any political gathering. Not long after her marriage, she quit her successful interior designing business. Life with Lausche, she discovered, was career enough: "It's like being married to a mountain. There's no use trying to move him or domesticate him. He works, works, works all the time."

But Jane has ideas of her own: in 1951,

despite her husband's horrified objections, she took flying lessons and got a pilot's license because, she explained, with all the flying she and the governor do, somebody should be able to take over in case anything happened to the pilot. In her way Mrs. Lausche has managed to change her husband slightly, often without his knowledge. When he refused to yield his wrinkled, tired suits to her for cleaning and pressing, Jane slyly bought duplicate suits, now manages to keep the governor's wardrobe fresh by wifely sleight of hand. It was years before Frank Lausche discovered that he owned eight suits, not four.

Editorial Boost. In 1932 the political itch struck Lausche again. That year, in a party split, two Democrats, Ray T. Miller and Peter Witt, ran for mayor of Cleveland in the city's "nonpartisan" campaign. Lausche, breaking with his ward leader, came to the aid of Miller's campaign. Miller won, and a year later Lausche was rewarded with an appointment as municipal judge. The next year he was elected in his own right. In 1936 he was elected to the higher Common Pleas Court. He was on his way.

As a judge, Lausche cracked down hard on organized crime, drove the loan-shark racketeers out of Cleveland, and, with handwritten orders secretly delivered to a friend on the police force, dramatically closed down two of the city's most notorious gambling sinks. Early in his career, Lausche attracted the attention of Louis Seltzer, the breezy, brilliant editor of the Cleveland *Press*. Seltzer soon decided that the young judge was the freshest, most forceful new face to turn up in Cleveland politics in a long time. In the columns of the *Press*, Crimeluster Lausche began to get helpful publicity, and Seltzer repeatedly urged him (in front-page editorials) to run for mayor. Lausche resisted Seltzer's blandishments for six years until at last, in 1941, he was ready.

He announced his candidacy at the traditional Democratic steer roast, ran on an orthodox, straight party ticket, with the warm support of Boss Miller and the organization. Soon after he swept into office, however, he had a falling-out with Miller. Miller had promised the leaders of organized labor that Lausche would fire Eliot Ness, the Republican director of public safety. Lausche, he charged, had privately promised the dismissal. The mayor denied the charge, kept Ness on his job because his record had been good. Ray Miller, Lausche's old mentor and friend, became his bitterest enemy.

From that time on, Frank Lausche walked alone. The wrath of the organization Democrats and of labor rained on his shoulders. Despite his new enemies, he was re-elected by an avalanche of votes in 1943, continued his crusade against gambling, and provided Cleveland with clean government and inspirational leadership in World War II. By 1944 he had broadened his political horizons to run for the governorship. His friends advised him not to try: Ohio, they told him, would never elect a Catholic as governor. But Lausche disregarded the advice, as usual, and de-

spite a vicious whispering campaign, he won, as usual—in a year when Franklin Roosevelt lost Ohio by 11,500 votes.

Social Error. His campaign tactics were unorthodox but effective. On occasion, Lausche traveled around Ohio by bus. Whenever he had an engagement at a strawberry festival or a county fair, he usually managed to slip in through a side entrance, avoid the official greeters and mingle with the crowds, shaking all hands, admiring babies, and earnestly talking politics to individual voters. His common touch made excellent word-of-mouth publicity and swung many a vote. In 1946, when Lausche ran for re-election, he was defeated by 40,000 votes. At least part of his defeat was attributed to the fact that he had stopped attending the marriages, wakes, christenings and other ceremonial gatherings in the immigrant neighborhoods of Cleveland and other large cities. Lausche vowed never again to neglect that social duty. He never has. Nor has he ever lost another election.

As Ohio's governor, Lausche has been competent but unspectacular. Except for two years (1948-50) he has had to deal with a Republican legislature that has choked off a good many Lausche plans for Ohio. But the governor is undeniably conservative, and his relations with the legislature have been generally amicable. The G.O.P. has found Lausche's frugal fiscal policies especially gratifying. Although its revenue has nearly trebled (from \$396 million to \$1,019,759,404), Ohio has not voted a general tax increase during the Lausche decade. The governor runs the state on a tight annual budget, usually reports a tidy surplus in the treasury each year.

In his personal expenditures, Lausche is just as tender with the taxpayer: he insists on paying his own expenses, above transportation costs, whenever he makes a business trip. (Jane Lausche is equally scrupulous with the housekeeping budget for the governor's mansion. She sometimes splits the cost of a pound of coffee with the state; so many cups for private, personal use, so many for official guests.)

Lausche is justly proud of his conservation program. After a bitter struggle with the mining lobby, he pushed through a law to force the strip miners of eastern Ohio to cover up their eroding handwork after a mine is depleted. Under his direction 27 million trees have been planted to replenish the state's dwindling forests. His position on civil rights might give pause to his Southern supporters in the show-down. During the Democrats' two-year heyday in Columbus, Lausche nearly won passage of a Fair Employment Practices Act with enforcement features. Said Lausche in his 1955 message to the legislature: "The decision of the United States Supreme Court requiring the schools of our country to provide equality of teaching services for our children . . . meets with my complete approval . . . We simply cannot live as a free people if we . . . chip away from any member of our society the guarantees given to him by the Lord on the day that person was born,

and then reaffirmed with pen and ink in our Constitution."

"Fearless Frank." His critics have accused Lausche with some justification, of political timidity. (Opposition newspapers have sneeringly dubbed him "Fearless Frank," and even Loyalist Louis Seltzer editorially blasted him for compromising on a truck tax bill.) He runs the state with just two aides, and spends hours arguing with himself over difficult decisions (in such moments he frequently plays the violin). Like a chess player, he is always thinking three moves ahead, weighing the political consequences.

Lausche is habitually reluctant to support other politicians. He has given only faint endorsement to all his party's presidential candidates, from Roosevelt to Stevenson, waited until the last stages of the 1948 campaign before giving a hesitant



Gilloon
JANE LAUSCHE & HUSBAND
Secretly pressed suit.

blessing to Harry Truman (his support, nevertheless, is credited with swinging Ohio to Truman by a breathtaking 7,000 votes). Both Mike DiSalle and Tom Burke got a limp pat on the back from the governor in their unsuccessful campaigns for the Senate. Lausche's refusal to back "Jumping Joe" Ferguson and his openly expressed admiration of Bob Taft in their 1952 race won the governor the undying hatred of many party-first Democrats in Ohio. To most Democrats who ask for a helping hand, the governor has a stock answer: "I don't have time." He found time, however, to push his way through a Columbus mob in 1952, and give G.O.P. Candidate Dwight Eisenhower a ringing official welcome to Ohio.

The Tender Trap. During the 1952 campaign, Lausche went on the road with a group of touring Democratic candidates. In Oxford, Hamilton and Middletown, he failed conspicuously to mention his platform companions a single time. On the way to the final meeting in Dayton, a

freshman candidate for Congress sat next to Lausche in his car. "Governor," he said, "I'm new to politics, running for the first time. But it seems amazing to me the way you've been talking. I thought we were all in this together."

Lausche threw back his head and roared. "You're a fine fellow," he said. Then, still chuckling, he reached into his pocket, and, drawing out a Lausche button, pinned it on his companion's lapel. "Everybody for Lausche," he roared.

Lausche does not like to play a losing game or to back a risky candidate. In his lonely, canny way he has decided not even to support Candidate Frank Lausche for the presidency. At a dinner party last summer, he calculated his chances at 1% ("Remember me," retorted Jane Lausche. "Make it one-half of 1%"). Though the odds have gone up in recent months, Lausche is still disinclined to bet on Lausche. "I will do nothing to reach the goal," he says. "The honor doesn't come from one's desire to attain it. A man should not seek office." A politically wise friend sees the Lausche strategy in another light. The governor, he thinks, has laid a tender trap. "He's a little like the bachelor who has made peace with the opposite sex. He's not going to send a dozen roses, or a 5-lb. box of candy, or buy box seats at the opera. He has decided that the only thing to do is just to let 'em know he's available."

POLITICAL NOTES

Top Shape?

Some Republicans, fearing that Dwight Eisenhower will not run again and caught up by the feeling against Vice President Richard Nixon, have looked hopefully toward Massachusetts and its G.O.P. governor, Christian A. Herter. But there was a nagging question about Herter's health: he has a medical history of arthritis. Last week able Chris Herter announced that he will not seek a third term as governor—thereby freeing himself to move on to bigger things. And he meaningfully pointed out to newsmen that his health was not a factor in his decision.

As Good as His Word

Amid all the happy-pappy generalities of his Democratic primary campaign for Governor of Kentucky last year, Albert Benjamin Chandler made one specific promise that he could be counted upon to keep: if nominated and elected, he would do all in his power to defeat his fellow Democrat and archenemy, Kentucky's Senator Earle Clements, for re-election this year. Last week Happy Chandler was proving himself as good as his word. Passed by Chandlers in the Kentucky state senate was a bill to move the Kentucky primary date from early August to late May—when Earle Clements will still be tied down by his duties in Washington. Just so there would be no mistaking his intentions, Chandler announced that he will back his longtime supporter, former U.S. Representative Joe Bates, in the primary race for Clements' Senate seat.

FOREIGN NEWS

FRANCE

Algiers Speaking

Four hours after his plane reached Algeria, France's new Premier Guy Mollet was a shaken, ashen-faced man.

From the airport, Mollet's route lay through the French part of the city. It was grimly silent. Shops were closed, balconies draped with black "for mourning"; French men and women stonily turned their backs as his car swept by. A crowd was waiting for him at the war memorial in the city's center. At sight of the Premier, it broke into an angry roar, "Mollet to the lamppost!" rose the shout, and the crowd became a mob.

Plants were uprooted from flowerbeds and flung at France's Premier. Oranges, banana peels, tomatoes, even the droppings from the uniformed Spahis' rearing horses showered about him. Pale but resolute, Mollet went up the steps through the barrage to the war memorial, and laid there a wreath honoring Algiers' war veterans. Even as the Spahis cleared a path for him back to his car, the demonstrators swarmed upon the monument, tore his wreath to shreds.

Three hours later, while furious Frenchmen circled his refuge in the Palais d'Eté, honking their horns, Mollet admitted shakily to newsmen: "I saw in their faces the look of total miscomprehension and hatred." His hands trembled, and his voice was little more than a whisper. His first retreat was to accept the resignation of 79-year-old General Georges Catroux, whom he had appointed Minister for Algeria (TIME, Feb. 13). Catroux' appointment had been a political blunder in the first place. To Algerian French, Catroux was "the liquidator" of France's

presence in Syria and Lebanon, the man who had presided over the return of Morocco's Sultan ben Youssef from exile—and they had reacted fiercely and predictably. The blunder was compounded by Mollet's hurried abandonment of Catroux in the face of mob threats.

Arrogant with Success. Moslem moderates were in despair. The Committee of 61, a group of moderate Moslem legislators who have been trying to negotiate a compromise solution with the French, announced that they were giving up, and disbanded the committee. Said Ben Salem, a quiet, middle-aged doctor and one of the committee's leaders: "We have been passed over. The French must negotiate with the chiefs of the resistance. The people no longer have faith in us."

Meanwhile, the French rioters grew more arrogant with success. They called an organization meeting to merge war veterans, Poujadists and students into a Committee for Public Safety. Veteran leaders who had consulted Mollet were shouted down. "Why talk to Mollet?" the crowd yelled. Up sprang a little man with bulging eyes. Jean Baptiste Biaggi, a Corsican lawyer from Paris, had flown in, a week earlier, with the avowed purpose of whipping up a new French Revolution. "Victory is yours now! Don't drop it!" bellowed Biaggi. "Mollet's surrender was unconditional. Throw out his policy just as you did Catroux."

The crowd roared approval, and before the evening was over, Biaggi was in control of the Committee for Public Safety. Next day Biaggi took his oratory and obscenities to the meeting of local mayors, talked them into issuing a manifesto demanding that all convicted Algerian terrorists now in jail be hanged out of hand.

"Here in Algeria a new France is awakening!" cried Biaggi. He complained bitterly of U.S. criticism. "By what right do the killers of redskins cast slurs on us?" he roared, and demanded a demonstration outside the U.S. consulate.

"A Fine Speech." Desperately playing for time, Mollet holed up in his palace under the protection of 3,000 security police flown in from France (no one was sure that the local police could be depended on), and for four days interviewed local French and Moslem leaders. Calling Paris, he persuaded stocky Socialist Robert Lacoste, his Minister of Finance, to take the job of Minister Residing in Algeria. Lacoste, as General de Gaulle's Minister of Industrial Production, had nationalized the French electricity and gas industries. His best asset: he has had nothing to do with Algeria.

That night Mollet took to the radio to make a moving plea. To the Moslems he said: "I know of your immense distress, I recognize your material misery, but I know that you suffer still more from injustice. You suffer in your dignity as men, because you have had the impression of second-class citizenship. I guarantee you the fierce will of the government to accord you justice and full equality before the law."

To the French he said: "You have believed France was going to abandon you. I have understood your despair. That is why I say to you serenely that even if I suffered by them, the dolorous demonstrations of Monday had a healthy aspect. They were, for a great many, the means of affirming their attachment to France, and their anguish at being abandoned by France. France will fight to remain in Algeria, and she will remain here." Said



MOLLET



ALGERIAN MOB & SECURITY TROOPS
In their faces, total miscomprehension and hatred.

Interpress

one listener: "A fine speech—if it had only been made five years ago."

At week's end Mollet wearily went back to Paris to face threats of demonstrations and a growing mutter of criticism. Rumbled Novelist-Columnist François Mauriac: "Mollet hasn't got the thunder. There is no hope to be placed in this impulsive teacher who, facing a roaring class, bows to papier-mâché balls."

In Algeria, Lacoste confronted a seething city alone. "The French, unfortunately, taught the Moslems a lesson in what mob violence can accomplish," said Algiers' Mayor Jacques Chevallier. Said one Moslem moderate, glumly: "After what we have seen, it's not expectable that we shall become more moderate ourselves. Fateful days are not far off."

Poujadists Under Fire

The Assembly president rang his silver bell, the Communists and Socialists banged their desks, the Poujadists sang the *Marseillaise*, and the center looked on in shocked silence. "You are a danger to the Republic," one aroused Deputy shouted at the Poujadists. "Yes—to the republic of cronies," retorted Poujadist Jean-Marie Le Pen. The Chamber of Deputies, which had been stunned to discover the voters of France had elected 53 vulgar persons called Poujadists to their republic of cronies, was trying to get rid of the fellows by other means.

Poujade had run his candidates under three different labels to catch votes. Several other parties had done the same thing. But now, on this technicality, the Assembly was trying to displace 13 Poujadists. Snapped Poujadist Le Pen: "People cannot be expected to obey laws if the Assembly does not do so itself. If you cannot respect the constitution, at least respect the will of the people."

The Filibuster. From a conference room deep in the maze of the Palais Bourbon's corridors, Demagogue Pierre Poujade (who is not a Deputy) directed the battle, rapping out orders, getting reports relayed from his wife in the public galleries, barking into the telephone. To a suggestion for a mass walkout, he snorted: "What then? You want to return next day like a beaten dog with your tail between your legs?" Poujade's orders to Le Pen, his unofficial floor manager: filibuster.

Demanding the floor, young, hulking Le Pen announced: "I am going to remind you of some of the rights which you may have forgotten," and began reciting the French constitution. Communists hooted, thumped their desks, and Le Pen read on. Expelled from the tribune by President Le Troquer, Le Pen yielded the floor to "the second of my 52 comrades." "This is sabotage," moaned a Deputy.

At 27, Le Pen is France's youngest Deputy, a handsome, tough tavern brawler with a law degree, a kind of lowbrow intellectual primitive who is currently the darling of Paris café society. Son of a fisherman, he won a scholarship to study law in Paris, cut an impressive swath through the Latin Quarter's bistros and



Paris Match

POUJADIST LE PEN (AT HOME)

"I suppose I'm different. I like women."

student clubs. After graduation, he volunteered for service in Indo-China as a parachutist ("I was tired of amateur fighting"), but got there too late to fight.

Bitter Man. Returning last fall to his Latin Quarter room with its nude prints, Le Pen installed the new mistress he had picked up in Saigon—an elfin artist with inch-long silver fingernails and two-toned hair (blond on brown). He was bitter about the Communists, about Mendès France's "betrayal" of Indo-China, scornful of France's Deputies whom he labeled degenerates. Poujade, with his chaotic down-with-taxes, down-with-Parliament protest movement, seemed just what he was looking for. Accused during the campaign of keeping a mistress, Le Pen sneered: "I suppose I am different. I like women."

But in the Assembly, despite Le Pen's best efforts, the Communists and Mollet's left-center forces joined to vote the displacement of first one, then another of his comrades. It was a dangerous victory. It gave Poujade fresh ammunition in his attack on the Assembly itself. After his first loss, Poujade cried, "We lost one Deputy, but we'll win 100,000 more followers." In France's present mood, he might be right.

COMMUNISTS

The Propaganda Puppets

The predictable happened in Moscow last week: The Russian Foreign Office decided that the moment had come to produce missing British Diplomats Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean. Called to the television room of the National Hotel, the correspondents of Reuters news agency and the London *Sunday Times* (no other foreign press invited) were exposed to the presence of Burgess, 44, and Maclean, 42, just long enough (five minutes) to iden-

tify them. The ex-diplomats were dressed in dark blue suits and white shirts, looked relaxed, but showed more grey hair than when last seen in the West five years ago. No photographs were allowed. Smoking Russian cigarettes, they laughingly refused to answer personal questions and gave no hint of their present jobs or plans. Burgess, the burly homosexual, was more talkative—in a blustering, uninformative way—than Maclean. After handing the newsmen a signed statement, they were taken away in a Russian limousine.

In the prepared statement (which read as if written by someone else), Burgess and Maclean admitted that they had joined the Communist Party while students at Cambridge. They denied that they had been Soviet agents while working in the British Foreign Office: they had switched their allegiance to the Soviet Union because they had disagreed with the direction of British policy. Said the statement: "We had every possibility to know the plans of a small but powerful group of men who opposed the achievement of . . . mutual understanding [with the Soviet Union], and for this reason we had every ground to fear these plans."

More & More Alone. Part way through the statement, the "we" was dropped, and the career of each man was discussed in the third person. The tall, truculent, but flabby Maclean was pictured as a man caught in the British Foreign Office "machine which, with the exception of the war period, was pursuing a policy unacceptable not only to Maclean, but also to many others . . . However, after the war he found himself more and more alone. It was becoming increasingly difficult to find anyone to think of something else than the Communist menace, to understand the senselessness and dangers of American policy in the Far East and Europe."

Followed by counterespionage agents, his telephone tapped while he was heading

the American desk at the Foreign Office, Maclean was allegedly driven to desperation, while the hell-raising Burgess was depicted as a man racked with "the greatest anxiety . . . caused by the fact that at first no modus vivendi was reached between the East and West, and later on no attempts were made to reach it."

The statement gave Burgess the credit for masterminding their escape to Russia. "Only there, it seemed to them, was there a possibility to put into practice in one form or another the convictions which they had always held." Then, in its last paragraph, the statement switched back to the first person: "Our life in the Soviet Union has convinced us that we took at that time the correct decision."

Flat Liars. The statement said that the American-born Mrs. Maclean, who was pregnant at the time her husband fled, "arrived with her children in the Soviet Union in 1953." This made flat liars out of Russian leaders, up to and including Nikita Khrushchev, who have denied repeatedly, formally and informally, that they knew the whereabouts of the two traitors or their kin.

Apparently Khrushchev & Co. hoped to get some windfall out of parading Burgess and Maclean at this moment, hoping either to smooth the way for Khrushchev's forthcoming trip to London, or to muddy up the recent Anglo-American accord. Foreign Office officials have suspected Maclean's hand in the skillful phrasing of Bulganin's two recent "peace" notes to President Eisenhower. But the circumstances of the hotel interview indicated that, though they might be useful in phrasing messages, the Russians regard the two ex-diplomats as no more than propaganda puppets.

GREAT BRITAIN

Queen in Tights

"Married luff never lasts," mourned Britain's new Princess of Wales, in her thick German accent, to a lady in waiting. "Dot is not in de nature." But, alas for poor, playful Amelia Elizabeth Caroline, Princess of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, married love not only failed to last, it never even began. The Prince of Wales, later (1820) to become King George IV, was already secretly married to one woman and deep in the toils of another, his mistress, Lady Jersey, when he sent his emissary to ask Caroline's hand in marriage in 1794.

"Prinney," as fashionable friends like Beau Brummell knew him, had simply no choice but to marry. It was either marriage to a suitable princess by order of his father George III, or something very like debtors' prison. With his elegantly tailored back to the wall, Prinney picked Caroline of Brunswick, his father's niece, sight unseen. He believed her to be the lesser of two evils—the other being any one of his mother's relatives whom he had seen. The Prince's first glance at the buxom Princess revealed his mistake.

Prinney spent his wedding night dead-

drunk and ended up on the edge of the fireplace, where his bride let him sleep it off undisturbed. After the birth of their child and heir, Princess Charlotte, nine months later, the future King of England sent Caroline formal notification that he would require no further wifely duties of her.

"Bedfellows." All that, however, was not the end, but rather the beginning of the most publicized domestic spat that ever lived the pages of British history. Britons watched with glee the dirty laundry being washed in public at the palace, and happily seized bits and pieces of it to raise on high as gonfalon of party politics.

The new Princess' robust instincts had made themselves known on the boat coming to England, when she spent the night alone on deck with the first mate.



CAROLINE & BERGAMI

Go away and sin no more.

Old King George III (of Revolutionary War fame) was already showing such symptoms of future dottiness as screaming, "View Halloo!" at morning prayers and greeting oak trees as old friends in Windsor Park. Queen Charlotte and her eldest son were already jockeying for power as Regent. Prinney threaded a delicate path between the beckonings of his secret wife and his demanding and increasingly shrewish mistress. Caroline publicly boasted of her taste in "bedfellows," and soon turned up with an "adopted" son called "Willikins" who was widely said to be her own. "Prove it and he shall be your King!" she would shout in gleeful rejoinder to this charge.

Restless and roistering by nature, and barred from her husband's court, Caroline at last decided to take her show on the road. Trailing a retinue of doubtful characters through Europe in a refurbished stagecoach, she established her own royal residence in a gleaming white palace on the shores of Lake Como, with a dashing Italian hussar named Bergami as pro tem

king of her heart. Caroline's philandering might well have gone unnoticed by Prinney, who was then Prince Regent, except that when she returned to London, vast crowds of the common people, who hated him and his gross excesses, cordially claimed Caroline as their own and vowed: "We'll make the Prince love you before we've done with him!"

"Go Away." Nobody bothered to tell Caroline when at last in 1820 the old King died and Prinney became George IV. But Caroline knew her rights as Queen, and there she was, ready to claim them, in the harbor at Dover shortly before the coronation. A jubilant crowd greeted her in London and pulled her carriage by hand to Carlton House, smashing windows in the houses of the King's ministers all along the way. Furious at his wife's reappearance, the new King postponed his crowning and sent a bill to the House of Lords begging for a divorce. Solemnly the Lords convened to hear the case, while crowds rioted in the street outside and Caroline herself reigned over all, naturally hustled and topped with a black wig and a hat cloudy with ostrich feathers. The evidence of her dalliance with Bergami was all there, neatly brought from Italy in a little green bag, but the noble Lords were too frightened of their people to find her guilty. After three months as the nation's best sideshow, the trial came to an inconclusive end. But people were beginning to tire of Caroline. Wrote a pamphleteer of the day:

*Most gracious Queen, we thee implore
To go away and sin no more.
But if that effort be too great,
To go away at any rate.*

When the coronation at last took place, no ticket of admission was sent to Caroline. Persistent to the end, she drove to Westminster Abbey anyway, and tried to get in by door after door. At each one a detachment of soldiers barred the way. At last, sobbing and weary, she drove home. Within three weeks she was dead, some say of a broken heart, others of an overdose of magnesia. "Fate," said English Wit Max Beerbohm many years later, "wrote her a most tremendous tragedy, and she played it in tights."

Last week the domestic quarrels of Caroline of Brunswick and her faithless Prinney were once again being aired in Britain's Parliament, along with cries of royal suppression. A TV playwright, anxious to revive their tale, had looked among the public archives for the facts that lay in that famed little green bag. They were gone. An M.P. demanded to know where they were. The Financial Secretary to the Treasury sheepishly admitted that they were removed in 1835 to Windsor Castle, where they are now under lock and key. King George V, namesake and paragon of respectability among Prinney's latter-day relatives, had obviously hoped to lock up the family skeleton—and instead, succeeded only in giving the English press a chance to relive it all last week.

SOUTH AFRICA

Closing the Door

For the past two years a steady stream of Asian women and children, mostly Indians seeking reunion with husbands and parents, has poured into South Africa to join the 360,000 Asians already there. Last week the flow reached flood proportions, then stopped as suddenly as the flow of water from a reservoir when the sluice gates are closed. In late 1953 South Africa passed a law barring all future immigration of Asians into white-supremist South Africa. On the night before the law went into effect last week, the airports were jammed with last-minute arrivals. A party of 150 Asians was stranded en route in Nairobi, unable to charter a plane to make the deadline.

One of the last to get in under the wire was six-year-old Ahmed Hassan, who had been left behind with grandparents in Bombay after his parents visited India three years ago. Traveling alone, little Ahmed managed to get a seat on one of the last planes leaving Nairobi for Johannesburg. Failing that, he would have been barred from his parents' home permanently. In the future not even a baby born to a South African Asian while traveling abroad will be allowed to enter its mother's country, and a South African Asian marrying abroad will be unable to bring his bride home.

Tikoloshe's Friend

Native bicycles in the back country of South Africa are often built with a little extra seat in the back in case Tikoloshe wants a ride, for in South Africa, what Tikoloshe wants, Tikoloshe gets. A tiny, hairy, deformed little spirit, half human, half animal, Tikoloshe conceives his mischief in the reeds by riverbanks. To look at him means instant death, yet no man can refuse his bidding. Murder, thievery and rape are all equally condoned by the Zulu natives if their perpetrator can prove to his neighbors that Tikoloshe forced him to the act. Even the white man's courts on occasion have found Tikoloshe's influence an extenuating factor in major crimes. Last week the South African government found itself facing an even trickier question: Could Tikoloshe snatch from his executioners a man condemned to death for 15 murders?

The man in question was a burly Zulu named Elifasi Msomi. A young witch doctor who was not doing very well at his trade, he went to another witch doctor for advice, and there, he said, he found Tikoloshe masquerading as the man's son. "You will go with this son of mine," said the elder doctor, "and get me the blood of 15 people to help my chemist shop. First I want the blood of a girl."

Gruesome Twosome. For the next 18 months, Tikoloshe and Msomi tramped the paths of Natal's back country, slept and ate together. At last, in Zibeville Kraal, they found a girl whose blood was to Tikoloshe's liking. Msomi killed her, put some of her blood in a bottle.

Msomi was captured and put in jail, but soon afterward, thanks to Tikoloshe, he escaped, and the blood-hunters moved on. During the months that followed, 14 more natives fell victim to their knives, clubs and axes until one day Tikoloshe announced: "You have rendered good service; now we will wash in the river and part." Arrested for petty theft, Msomi was spotted as the man wanted for 15 of South Africa's most gruesome murders. He readily admitted the crimes and even helped the police to find the skull of one of his victims.

Just a Friend. That night in jail, he slept soundly for the first time in months, stirring only to make room on his bed of rags for some unseen being. "It's a friend," he explained to his jailers, "just a friend." Msomi's jailers could not see the friend who shared his bed and his guilt, and



ZULU & EVIL SPIRIT
On bicycles, on extra seat.

neither could the court which tried him. But local Zulu chieftains were not so purblind. Fearing Tikoloshe might still be on hand, they asked permission to stand by and watch when Msomi was hanged. Permission was granted.

Last week, in a Pretoria prison, the gallows trap was sprung and Elifasi Msomi went to his maker. "I am satisfied," nodded Chief Manzo Iwanda, one of nine Zulus watching. "Tikoloshe did not save him."

SPAIN

Revolt at Madrid University

A crucial battle of the Spanish civil war was fought in Madrid's University City. On the ruins of the historic university buildings Dictator Franco built a new seat of learning. To guard against the revival of the old liberal traditions, he set up the *Sindicato Español Universitario* (called the S.E.U.), an arm of the Falange Party to which every student was obliged to belong. Last week, 17 years

after the battle of University City, a serious open revolt against the Franco regime was sparked in University City, and spread across Madrid in three days of violent street rioting.

A vague but growing discontent has swept a generation of students who, unlike their elders, have no personal experience of Spain's harsh 1936-39 civil war (TIME, Jan. 16). More than 3,000 students signed a petition asking for free election of delegates to a student congress. Because such a student congress would rival the S.E.U., the proposal drew Falange fire; but University Rector Dr. Pedro Lain Entralgo thought it wise to allow the students to blow off steam, agreed to free elections, class by class, in the downtown law school. Last fortnight first-year law students, voting for 20 congress delegates, elected only one man from a full slate of candidates put up by the S.E.U. Two days later the second-year men voted, and the S.E.U. got only 2 of 20 places.

Before the third-year men could vote, the law-school bulletin board blazed with an announcement from S.E.U. headquarters: the elections were off. To back up its decision, the S.E.U. called in a squad of blue-shirted bullyboys from the Falange's *Centuria de la Guardia de Franco* (Centurions of Franco's Guard). When indignant students tried to march on Law Dean Manuel Torres López' office, Falange sticks and clubs swung. The centurions were chased from the law school. Students tore down the bulletin-board notice and destroyed the Falangist arrows above a commemorative plaque to student war dead.

Water for Both. Next morning the law-school quadrangle was filled with some 500 blue-shirted centurions armed with truncheons, tire chains and pistols. They greeted arriving students with shouts of "A por los señoritos!" (Let's get the little sissies). In the battle that followed, students dropped tables and desks from classrooms on Falange heads, tore up furniture to make weapons. The S.E.U. offices in the law school were attacked, files were burned and Falangist symbols destroyed.

By noon the battle flowed into the center of Madrid. Students and Falangists, charging through the crowded Puerta del Sol and into the Calle de Alcalá, where Falange headquarters and the Education Ministry stand almost side by side, were sprayed by police with water-pumping jeeps. By that time some 2,000 law-school students had been joined by 1,000 allies from the medical school. Between bloody, skull-busting fights, Falangists chanted, "Down with capitalism!" and "Down with the monarchy!" (assuming the students to be supporters of both), and sang an antimонаrchist hymn which begins: "We don't want an idiot king who doesn't know how to govern." The anti-Falangist students countered with chants of "S.E.U. no! Falange no!"

In the quiet Calle Miguel Angel, a mob of blue-shirted Falange bullies broke into the International Institute for girls, an

American-owned building which also houses a progressive Spanish school. While police calmly looked on, ignoring the screams of women, the Falangists pinned down School Director Phyllis Turnbull of Binghamton, N.Y. and her staff, began smashing windows, lights, chairs, blackboards.

Shoot if Necessary. Despite many injured, no word of the rioting appeared in the Madrid press. The university was closed down, but next day Falangists and anti-Falangists clashed again. This time the Falangists pulled their pistols, but in the confused fighting managed only to wound one of their own sympathizers. At this point Franco stepped in, ordered all Falangists confined to barracks, and sent 1,400 heavily armed plainclothesmen into the streets with orders to break up disturbances by "shooting, if necessary."

Franco also gave the government-controlled newspapers and radio their line. The Falangist *Arriba* editorialized: "Blood is running again among the youth of Spain," blamed "armed liberalism motivated by Communism." But Spaniards were not deceived. The government announced that Dean Torres López had been fired, while Rector Lain Entralgo was reportedly ousted. Seven student ringleaders were reportedly exiled to places 200 miles from Madrid. The names of the youths, all respectfully referred to by the title of Don, showed them to include the son of one of the founders of the Falange, the nephew of the Falange's third in command, and the son of one of Franco's closest personal friends.

At week's end Franco abrogated the "right" of Spaniards to move freely about Spain, and suspended the law protecting them from summary arrest and imprisonment. Both rights are largely theoretical in Spain, but their abrogation was a warning by Franco that he has decided to reverse his policy of "easing up," and to re-establish his old, ironfisted rule. The country responded with a sense of tension not known since the dark days following the fall of University City.

RUSSIA

Significant Shake-Ups

The man who sold Stalin the idea that South Korea was another ripe plum waiting to fall into the Soviet basket was three-star General Terenty F. Shtykov, boss of the Soviet armed forces in North Korea and later Soviet ambassador to Pyongyang. When the Communist invasion unexpectedly ran into allied armed opposition, Stalin pulled the rank and ribbons off Shtykov and sent him into that twilight of disfavor which has so often preceded the long night for Communist bigwigs. But last week Shtykov surprised the world by springing back into the news: at Vladivostok (only 400 miles from his old stamping ground) he took over the regional Communist Party secretaryship, the key job in the Soviet Far East.

There was more politics than persistence in Shtykov's comeback. The man he



Horace Bristol—Black Star
GENERAL SHTYKOV
Out of the night.

replaced was Nikolai N. Shatalin, who had been in the top Moscow secretariat when Georgy Malenkov was Premier, but had been literally sent to Siberia when Khrushchev and Bulganin took over. Shtykov's return to favor is the latest in a series of significant changes in the Communist Party superstructure in the past month (others: in the Russian Republic, Lithuania, Uzbekistan). This sudden flurry of shake-ups apparently represents Khrushchev's increased grasp of the party machinery on the eve of this week's 20th Communist Party Congress in Moscow, the first since Stalin's death.

Moscow Milk

More and more, the lure of neutralism as practiced by India and Egypt, which seemed to get the best of both sides, was beginning to tell on other nations hitherto friendly only to the West. Sensing this change of heart, Russia's Premier Bulganin last week dropped a strong hint that Moscow "would like to have relations with Pakistan no less friendly than those with India" and might even be willing to give it some economic aid. It was a pity, he added, that Pakistan's partnership in the Baghdad pact had brought it "to difficult internal straits." *Pravda* made similar overtures to Turkey, Pakistan's partner in the Baghdad pact.

Pakistan last week announced its willingness to meet with the Russians on matters of "mutual advantage"—a surprising about-face two months after Russia had noisily endorsed Afghanistan's territorial ambitions against Pakistan, and India's right to the Kashmir.

The Turks gave the Russian hints a cooler reception. Even so, a Turkish editor, hoping the West might take notice, was reminded of an old proverb: "The baby that does not cry does not get the milk."

EGYPT

A Yes for Aswan Dam

The mighty Nile, which brings the rains of equatorial Africa to the Mediterranean, has nurtured six millennia of civilization in its valley and broad delta. But its trapped waters are not sufficient today to sustain the leaping population of modern Egypt. One of the most publicized projects of Premier Gamal Nasser's revolutionary government is the building of a vast water barrier at Aswan (where the Nile courses through the eastern Sahara), which will bring another 2,000,000 acres of Egypt into production, boost Egypt's power resources to 10 billion kilowatt-hours. Estimated cost of Nasser's high dam: \$1.5 billion.

Even in international financing that is a lot of money. When Nasser put his plan before the World Bank three years ago, President Eugene Black was cool. Nasser's military junta and the unstable condition of Egypt gave shareholders no guarantee that their investment would be protected. Said Black: "The Bank is a bank, not a handout business." While the World Bank hesitated, Nasser talked to the Russians, who are supplying him with arms from the Czech armament factories. The Russians offered to lend Egypt \$300 million for 30 years at 2% interest, promised to complete the dam in six years instead of the 15 estimated by Western engineers. Nasser confided to U.S. officials that the prospect of having an army of Communist engineers in Egypt pleased him no more than it pleased the West. Still, the threat served him well. Last week in Cairo, Premier Nasser and World Bank President Black sat down to take another look at the Aswan dam project.

Nasser settled for roughly half the \$600 million commitment he had once demanded. Black pressed for open bidding on the contract (to give U.S. firms a chance), to which Nasser agreed after reserving the right to reject any bid he wished, no matter how low. After all, Nasser suggested helpfully, the Russians might choose to underbid everyone else.

British and American diplomats, though grimly mindful of the political blackmail involved, are still convinced that the Aswan dam is a worthy project, and that it had better be built by the West.

The day after the Aswan communiqué was issued, Moscow Radio announced that the Soviet Union was granting Egypt "scientific and technical assistance for the creation of a nuclear physics laboratory in Cairo."

MALAYA

Independence by 1957

The British, who find glorious words for both victories and defeats, have an expression for their retreat from imperialism. They call it "creative abdication."

In Malaya, Britain's rubber-rich colony, last week the phrase seemed for once appropriate. Four years ago the British

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promised Malaya self-determination "in due course," but did not fix a date. Last week the British named a date, and soon: August 1957.

Last year they set up Malaya's first popularly elected government, prepared for a period of temporary confusion and uncertainty while Malaysans found their political feet. Chief Minister Prince (the Tengku) Abdul Rahman moved immediately to make peace with the Communists, offered an amnesty to Chin Peng, who has been waging guerrilla war in the jungle for eight years (TIME, Jan. 9). Stung by Chin Peng's taunt that Malaya would not be truly independent until it had control of the country's defense and security forces, Prince Abdul Rahman asked the British for full independence. The urgency of the Malayan situation led the British to take the risk. In a cream-and-gilt room of London's Lancaster House, Chief Minister Rahman sat down with British Colonial Secretary Alan Lennox-Boyd and signed an agreement which will give Malaya complete internal self-government, including control of the police and defense forces, in 18 months.

Said Lennox-Boyd: "It is not a victory for either side. It is a recognition both of Malaya's new status and of our common interests." As a next step to further the common interest, the British plan to remove rubber and tin, chief exports of Malaya, from the list of strategic materials barred to Communist countries. By trading with Red China, the British argument goes, Malaya can become prosperous enough to resist Communism.

WESTERN EUROPE

Strictly Business

Frenchman and German may still distrust each other profoundly, but neither lets that stand in the way of business. Last year West Germany was France's best customer, buying \$490 million worth of French goods. And France bought more from Germany (\$432 million worth) than from any other country except the U.S. (\$460 million).

WEST GERMANY

Power Grabber

The West's newest ally, West Germany, was making a most disagreeable impression on its friends last week. Chiefly responsible was crabbed, pfennig-pinching Finance Minister Fritz Schäffer. Schäffer was flatly unwilling to pay what Germany's NATO partners consider a fair share of Western defense.

NATO's troubles with Herr Schäffer began in December, when Schäffer told the NATO council that the most prosperous country in Europe could not afford any more than 9 billion Deutsche Marks (\$2 billion) a year for defense during the three-year period required to build a twelve-division army. The NATO allies pointed out indignantly that this was only 5.5% of West Germany's gross national product, proportionally only half what

the U.S. and Britain are contributing. Grumbling, they finally accepted Schäffer's figure for 1956 because the German army is so far behind schedule that more money could not be spent anyway.

Last week Schäffer added insult to injury. Through a spokesman he announced that after May 5, West Germany would refuse to pay any further cash contributions toward the support of the allied forces in Germany, which in the absence of a German army, are his nation's sole defense. The Germans would talk about the question with their allies, said the spokesman, "but we are not going to give them anything."

The U.S. State Department was frankly irritated. So were the British, who declared that they simply did not have \$196



Foto: Jacobs—Fortune
FRITZ SCHÄFFER
Pinch the pfennig.

million in hard currency to support their four divisions in Germany if Schäffer cut off payments.

The Quarreler. But 67-year-old Fritz Schäffer is used to irritating allies. A pre-war lawyer and leading politician in Bavaria, he was picked by General George Patton as the first postwar Minister-President of Bavaria. Soon Schäffer was quarreling with the U.S. occupation authorities because he insisted on hiring ex-Nazis to staff his office. He needed men of ability, he argued, and the question of their Nazism was irrelevant. Patton agreed, but General Eisenhower did not. Schäffer went on hiring Nazis anyway, was discovered, and in the ensuing uproar,² Eisenhower ordered Schäffer fired. Schäffer got back in government three years later when fellow Christian Demo-

² During which Patton made his famous remark that "the Nazi thing is just like a Democratic-Republican election fight." Eisenhower transferred him to command of the paper Fifteenth Army. A few weeks later Patton died after an automobile accident.

crats, needing his help in Bavaria, asked for his reinstatement.

As Finance Minister since 1949, Schäffer's policy of hard money and high incentives were largely responsible for German recovery. Some U.S. officials grinned when he bought cigarettes one at a time as an example of thrift, decreed the amount to be spent on wreaths for colleagues' funerals, or turned up at the wedding of Chancellor Adenauer's daughter with a bouquet of exactly six carnations costing 14¢ apiece. Wish there were more like him in other countries, they said. But others, negotiating with him on occupation matters, acquired a distrust for his evasive tactics and figure juggling. His power grew. When Adenauer fell ill last fall, he was even mentioned as a likely successor.

Increasingly, Schäffer has shouldered his way into the center of policymaking. When Adenauer returned from Paris with German sovereignty and membership in NATO, he had planned to handle all defense financing himself. But in a Cabinet battle, Schäffer demanded and got a veto on every penny that was to be spent on Germany's defense establishment. He bound his party firmly to his promise that, with a yearly defense budget of no more than 9 billion Deutsche Marks, West Germans could have their army at no cost in butter.

For months he beat into German minds the thesis that one pfennig more would wreck their thriving economy, raise taxes, cut social programs, until millions of Germans believed it as an article of faith. Then he sprang his trap. The army would cost a bit more than that, he admitted—about \$2 billion more (just as his Socialist critics all said it would). His proposed solution: U.S. grants and long-term loans. Or in the words blurted in heat of debate last fall by his fellow moneyman Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard: "Let the Americans pay for it."

Schäffer's reasoning: the U.S. would not dare let him down, for the Socialists would win next year's elections.

Defense on the Cheap. At a Cabinet meeting last week, Foreign Minister Heinrich von Brentano worriedly brought up the allied annoyance and suggested further Cabinet discussion of Schäffer's tactics. Schäffer appeared to agree—but only until Von Brentano left the meeting early to receive Italy's visiting Prime Minister Antonio Segni. Then Schäffer suddenly offered to grant funds for several domestic schemes close to the heart of C.D.U. politicians. Schäffer named his price: Cabinet support of his running out on the allies. Duplicately, the Cabinet yielded.

In earlier days the West could have counted on firmer support from Konrad Adenauer. But since his illness, Adenauer seems and acts increasingly like a tired old man. He is preoccupied often with next year's elections, seems to feel that his Christian Democrats need such political ammunition as Schäffer's defense-on-the-cheap can give them.

In Germany last week Schäffer was

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purse. Newspapers of all political shades
backed his stand, talked of "allied covet-
ousness." The allied attitude was simpler:
Germany had joined NATO and should be
willing to pay the dues.

SEATO

Creaky Tiger

The exercise was billed grandly as
SEATO's "first joint international sea,
air and land maneuvers." Thailand, which
thought it up, declared that all eight na-
tions had been invited to participate. The
Thais' idea was to show how fast SEATO
power could come to the aid of Bangkok,
in a demonstration that SEATO is no
"paper tiger." The U.S. Navy called it
"Operation Firm Link" and declared it was
intended to "signify the close-knit ties
among the SEATO nations."

Last week Operation Firm Link demon-
strated that the links are far from firm.
The Philippines and the U.S., which had
been asked long ago, would be on hand
all right. But neither the Thais nor the
U.S. military officials on the spot men-
tioned the project to the other SEATO
powers until early last week—despite the
fact that the SEATO council sits in
Bangkok and the operation is scheduled
for this week.

Instead of a show of solidarity, the air
was full of complaints and refusals. Paki-
stanis said sulkily that the invitation had
come too late for them to send troops,
complained privately of being left out of
the original planning. New Zealanders felt
the same way. That left SEATO looking
embarrassingly like an all-U.S. tiger—as
critics have charged it was all along. At
week's end, Australia and Britain gallantly
swallowed their pride, and rustled up a
handful of naval vessels to join this week's
maneuvers. On its first trial run, SEATO
was creaking badly.

ITALY

Dolci v. Far Niente

Six years ago Danilo Dolci decided
to give up studying architecture and
do something practical about the poor
in Italy. He went back to Sicily's bleak,
bandit-ridden "Triangle of Hunger,"
where he had lived as a boy. There,
in the fishing village of Trappeto, with
his own meager savings and a few small
contributions from outside, he put up a
collection of shacks and shanties which
he called "the Hamlet of God" to pro-
vide shelter for the area's neediest cases.
He married an impoverished widow with
five children; together they adopted five
more children.

At first government and church authori-
ties beamed on Dolci and his good works,
but in time they began to find his exces-
sive zeal embarrassing. Once he went on
a hunger strike to force Palermo's govern-
ment to do something about Trappeto's
poor. He won; the government allotted
him some \$50,000 to begin an irrigation
dam in a nearby valley to provide work
and water for the local poor. But soon he



Publifoto

DANILO DOLCI

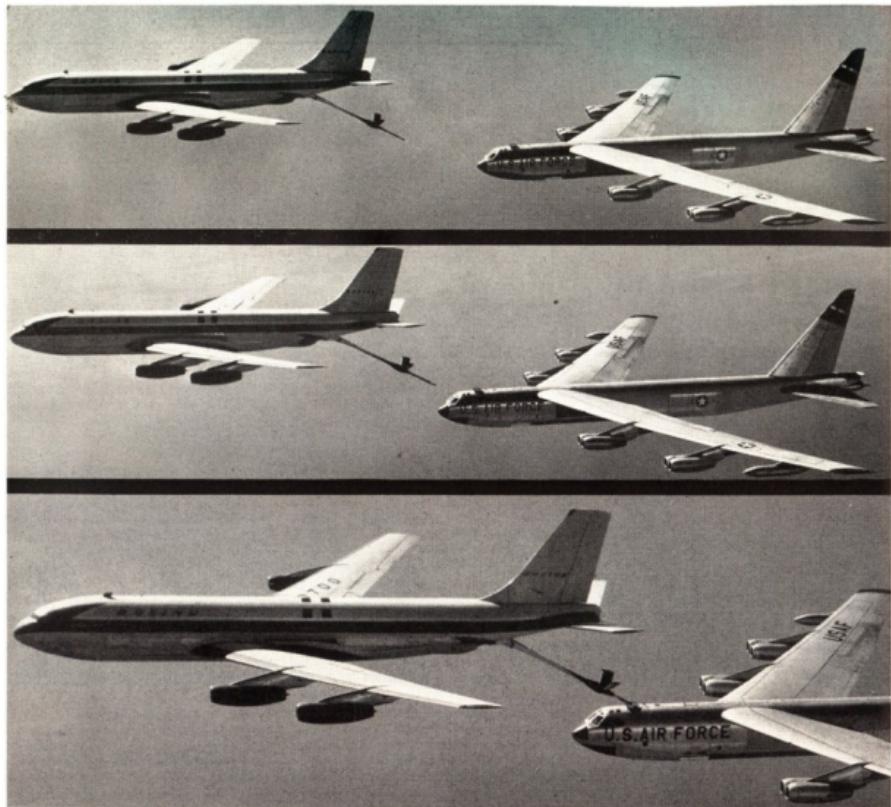
A bit oversimplified, but Christian.

found himself in trouble with landowners
who claimed his dam would drain their
own farms dry.

Forbidden to go on with his irrigating,
Dolci moved on to another town, Parti-
nico, and began once more to plague those
in authority. Without bothering to get
official permission, he set up a first-aid
station in one of the town's back alleys.
A spate of pamphlets poured from his
angry pen asking, among other questions,
"How many people in Partinico will hang
themselves this year?" and "How many
will go mad?" Dressed in a thick, white
pullover sweater, he was often to be seen
waiting in the local mayor's office to de-
mand attention on some problem or other.
Last year, after another hunger strike
prompted by the death of a child from
starvation, Dolci succeeded in wringing a
promise from Partinico's mayor that "no
body will ever die of hunger again in this
community, and I will do everything in
my power to find work for the jobless."
But some two-thirds of Partinico's popula-
tion continued to be unemployed.

Three weeks ago Dolci gathered 200
jobless fishermen and farm hands armed
with picks and shovels, and set to work on
a local road in need of repair. "We are not
asking to be paid for our work," he in-
sisted. "But of course we hope that when
it is completed, the authorities may agree
it was necessary and give us something."

Instead, the authorities sent truckloads
of *carabinieri* out to stop the work and
haul Danilo Dolci off to jail. There,
charged with "subversive agitation," he
languished last week awaiting trial amid
cries of protest in press and parliament.
The Communists of course tried to claim
his cause as theirs. But, said Italy's high-
ly influential newspaper, *Corriere della
Sera*, though Dolci's social ideas might be
a "bit oversimplified," they are undoubt-
edly Christian—"the duty of all to help
personally those who suffer."



Jet-to-jet refueling at 500 miles an hour

The Boeing jet tanker prototype is pictured above making a refueling contact with an eight-jet B-52 bomber.

This operation is part of an intensive test program in which every detail of America's first jet tanker, the Boeing KC-135, will be proved out well before the first production model rolls off the line.

For more than a year the Boeing prototype has been accumulating the kind of data obtainable only in actual flight. Resulting developments and design refinements have already been incorporated in the KC-135s now taking shape in Boeing's Renton, Washington, plant.

Besides proving out the airplane itself, the prototype makes it possible to test thoroughly the streamlined new Boeing Flying Boom, and all aspects of jet-to-jet refueling at speeds above 500 miles an hour, and altitudes over 35,000 feet. This means that when deliveries of the KC-135 to the Air Force begin, the airplane will be operationally proved. And it will be equipped with a flight-tested jet-speed refueling system.

The prototype has, during its hundreds of hours of grueling test flying, performed beyond expectations. This in part is a result of Boeing's unique experience de-

signing and producing more large, multi-jet aircraft than any other company in the world. These include the B-52 eight-jet bomber, and more than 1200 six-jet B-47 medium bombers. In addition, Boeing pioneered the development of aerial refueling. It has built more than 600 Boeing KC-97s, the standard propeller-driven tanker of Strategic Air Command.

This is the unequalled background that gives assurance to the Air Force, and to the nation, that the Boeing KC-135 will be another outstanding, dependable aircraft.

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THE HEMISPHERE

COLOMBIA

Bull-Ring Massacre

The day before last week's bullfights in Bogotá, the Colombian government announced cryptically that it was taking "fitting measures" to head off opposition "political manifestations" in the huge Santamaría bull ring. The measures turned out to be novel as well as fitting: the regime bought \$15,000 worth of tickets and distributed them to thousands of policemen, plainclothesmen and government employees. On bullfight day the official ticketholders were waved through the gates; other fans were carefully frisked for weapons.

Inside, the government boys took up their positions and sent up lusty *vivas* for President Gustavo Rojas Pinilla. Soon anti-Rojas spectators began to give themselves away by their glowering silences or muttered retorts. When the oppositionists were fully identified, the bullyboys opened up. Whipping out blackjacks, knives and guns, they attacked in milling fury. Victims were tossed screaming over the guardrails high above exit passageways; hundreds of others were toppled into the arena. Pistols banged away. The toll: at least eight dead, 50 hurt.

Cheers & Whistles. The strong-arm show was clearly punitive. A week before, at the season's gay opening bullfight, the crowd had cheered for ten minutes when former President Alberto Lleras Camacho, who symbolizes opposition to Strongman Rojas Pinilla, arrived and took a seat. No sooner had the cheering died down than the President's 22-year-old daughter María Eugenia and her husband, pro-government Publisher Samuel Moreno, stepped into the presidential box. In the Colombian equivalent for boozing, the throng angrily whistled them out of the stadium—an insult that doubtless threw hot-tempered General Rojas Pinilla into a boiling rage.

But a brutal and senseless mob attack, besides turning the stomach of even his warm supporters, apparently went beyond the dictator's intentions. He blustered that the opposition's "intellectual guerrillas" were to blame, and threatened to "fight back without quarter." He also moved fast to hush up news of the massacre. By quickly blocking news cables, the government successfully kept the story out of most papers abroad; only travelers' reports, days later, spelled out the ugly truth. The government's censors muzzled the local press.

Unsavory Distinction. The one Colombian paper that got the story into print, Medellin's responsible *El Colombiano*, was closed down by the device of moving the government's censorship office to an out-of-town military post, where editors were ordered to bring all copy. Since the same move shut two other Medellin papers, Rojas Pinilla, who has blotted out all of Bogotá's oldest and best dailies, briefly achieved the unsavory distinction of silencing all of Colombia's

best-known papers. After thinking it over, the Medellin dailies doggedly submitted to the awkward censorship and reappeared. But their prospects were gloomy under Rojas Pinilla, who seemed to be bucking for renown as Latin America's stubbornest tyrant.

BRAZIL

Busy New Broom

When President Juscelino Kubitschek finally left his office at 9 p.m. at the end of his first full day on the job, tired Catete Palace staffers hopefully predicted that the hectic pace would soon relax. But all week long the President kept getting to his office at 7 a.m. and putting in 12-to-14-hour working days. By week's end, those who survived Kubitschek's brisk new-brooming had just about decided that the change in Catete's easy-going tropical routines was permanent.

Even before he signed a bill passed by Congress ending the state of siege imposed by an interim administration last November, Kubitschek abolished the military patrols guarding Catete. With no time to waste on pomp, he canceled the guard ceremonies traditionally held every time the President entered or left the palace. To thin out and speed up the flow of papers and persons through Catete's corridors, he personally supervised a wholesale redistribution of office space. He trimmed the Catete staff from 586 to 392, shut down the three palace kitchens that had been serving lunch (on the house) to some 200 officials. The new rule: each functionary gets one hour off for lunch, at his own expense.

On a typical day the President himself, accompanied by one adviser, rode to a restaurant in a stock-model Chevrolet, ordered a businessman's lunch of black beans and pork. Habitually hatless for the past 25 years, he wore one of the four Homburgs he bought in London during his pre-inauguration trip. "Nobody will recognize me with a hat on," he explained. Nobody did.

Bent on saving money in big as well as little ways in his battle against inflationary government deficits, the President directed his Cabinet ministers to scan departmental budgets and pare away any padding. He expects to cut the overall budget drawn up by the preceding administration by at least 7%.

To carry out his five-year "Power, Transportation and Food" development program, Kubitschek needs to attract foreign capital to Brazil. Last week he took time to talk with prospective U.S. and German investors, got quick action on at least one project. A team of Mercedes-Benz automen arrived in Rio from Germany one morning, conferred with the President that afternoon, promptly got a truck-factory plan speeded on its way. "No matter how busy I may be," vowed Kubitschek, "any foreign investor who comes to Brazil will find my door open."



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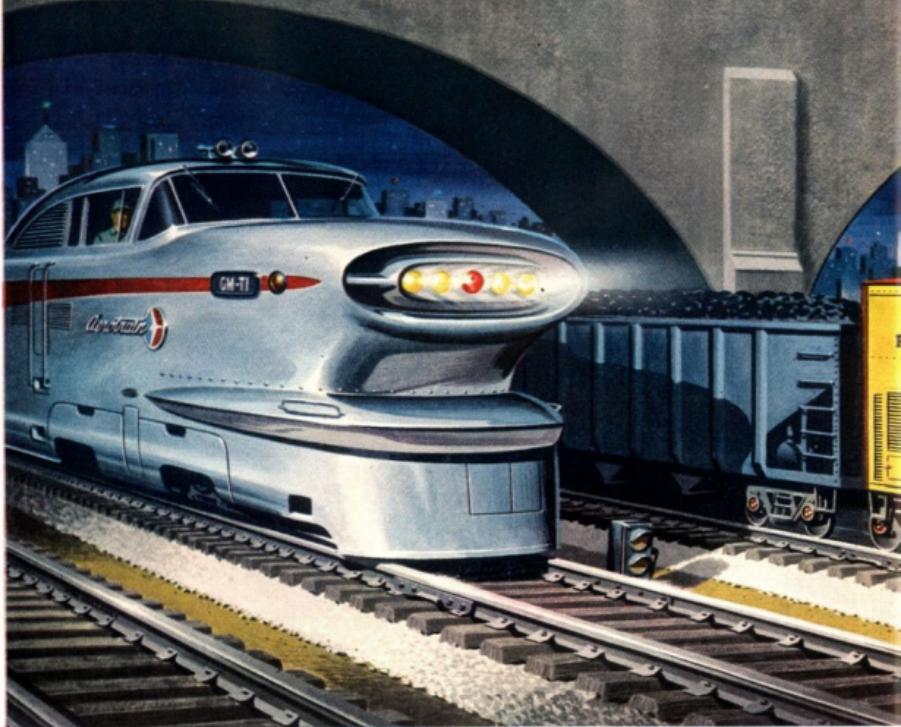
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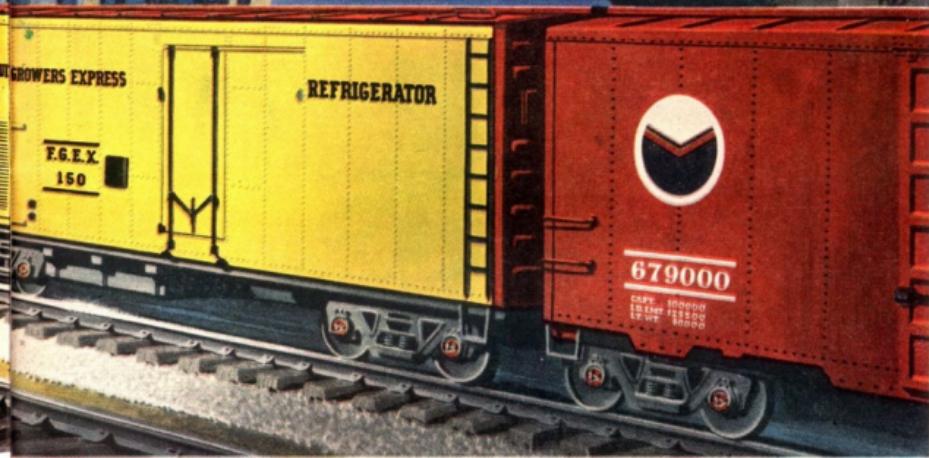


Like all Hyatts on the GM Aerotrain and on two-thirds of all diesels, the Hyatt Hy-Roll has high-capacity straight cylindrical rollers.

Here is a *new* roller bearing for railroad freight cars—so *simple*, so *dependable*, so *economical* that it makes the big switch to roller bearing freight *practical*! This one bearing fits *both* new and old cars. It comes with a three-year lubricant supply sealed in. Parts are interchangeable, and there are *only four* on the axle. No fitting adjustments are needed. Installation and maintenance are easier and more economical than ever before. Switching to Hy-Rolls *now* will get rid of the hotbox burden for good—permit faster, *non-stop* freight schedules—improve railroads' service, earnings and competitive position throughout the years ahead. In short, the new Hyatt Hy-Roll is *built for the long haul* in every sense of the word! Hyatt Bearings Division, General Motors Corporation, Harrison, N. J.



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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Hollywood's **Grace Kelly** and Monaco's **Prince Rainier III** announced that they will be married twice (in civil and Roman Catholic ceremonies) during a four-day fete, slated for an April 18th opening gun in Monaco. Among all sorts of folks on the guest list: hot-trumpeting Bandleader **Louis ("Satchmo") Armstrong**, who announced that he and his cats will jive up one of the receptions.

In Manhattan, tweedy Poet **W. H. Auden**, 48, rose to thank the nation's publishers and bookdealers for bestowing a National Book Award on his sacred and profane volume, *The Shield of Achilles*. Said he: "What, in the name of profit, dear foolish publishers, kind unworldly booksellers, am I doing here? . . . You will never make enough [out of me] to pay the wages of one incompetent typist . . . For your award . . . my thanks; for the dollars I shall never bring you, my apologies!"

High-strung Cinemactress **Judy (A Star Is Born) Garland**, two days after suing Movie Producer **Sid (A Star Is Born) Luft** for divorce (TIME, Feb. 13), cooled off, called the calling-off off. Breaking the news to the world in time-honored Hollywood fashion, Judy rang up Veteran Gossipist **Louella O. Parsons**, confided that Luft was not guilty of "extreme mental cruelty" as charged, added: "I thought something that wasn't true."

After getting her due at Buckingham Palace, Britain's top Ballerina **Margot Fonteyn**, all smiles, curtsied and pirouetted out to display proof of her honor, the



United Press

DAME MARGOT FONTEYN
A pirouette from the palace.



Marge Shaeffer—Capitol Press Service
GRANDFATHER MASSEY, GODFATHER EDEN, SUSAN & DIPLOMAT LLOYD
A hoist before the House.

medal of a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire, the title conferred on her in Queen Elizabeth II's New Year's Honors List.

After wayward young (20) Mail-Order Heiress **Montgomery Ward Thorne** mysteriously died in a shabby Chicago apartment (TIME, July 26, 1954) amid the sordid evidence of a sex-and-drug orgy, his will, drawn up only nine days before his death, soon sparked a bitter court battle. It left only a quarter of his \$1,800,000 estate to his mother and an aunt, three-quarters to his pretty fiancée, Maureen Ragen, and her mother. Last week a Chicago court threw out the will on the ground that fear-ridden Thorne was not legally competent when he made it. The court-approved settlement of his estate: \$350,000 to the Ragens, the balance to Thorne's mother. Still a mystery, heightened by bungling police work and slapdash coroner's methods: What—possibly who—killed Monty Thorne?

With his wife at the wheel of their car, Britain's brittle **Earl Attlee**, 73, went on to a dinner in London after a collision. Later, X rays showed why Attlee did not enjoy the party: two broken ribs.

At a church meeting in home town Portland, Ore., **Dr. Paul S. Wright**, 60, Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., confided to assembled elders that he will marry Christian Education Worker Mary McDowell, 27, in June. A December and May romance? Said Widower Wright: "You can't tell the split second you fall in love . . . We decided through earnest prayer to get married."

During a snowy stroll on the grounds of Ottawa's Government House, Britain's visiting Prime Minister **Sir Anthony Eden** playfully gave a sky ride to his

godchild, four-year-old Susan Massey. Their audience was Susan's doting grandpa, Canada's Cossack-hatted Governor General **Vincent Massey**, Britain's Foreign Minister **Selwyn Lloyd** and Massey's golden retriever, jealously gnawing his master's mitt.

In *My Friend Ike*, published this week (Frederick Fell; \$3.50), Marty Snyder, longtime Army mess sergeant to **President Eisenhower** and now a frozen Turkey packager, discloses how Ike happened to take up the art of cookery. Eisenhower's wartime confidence to Author Snyder: "I've been a mess sergeant since the day I got married. My wife doesn't like to cook, so I did it all, and the only way I could get the family away from a diet of meat and potatoes was to make a hobby of cooking."

Britain's **Princess Margaret** sat in a BBC television-studio control room, tapping her foot to ditties presented on the *Tin Pan Alley* show. Suddenly, as the chorus lustily bawled the gruesome lyrics of *Lizzie Borden*, a song based on the famous Fall River, Mass., doubleheader murder in 1892,* Margaret, heard only by the engineers, merrily joined in the warbling, showed that she knew all the words. Sample lines: "Oh, you can't chop your momma up in Massachusetts—and then just blame the damage on the mice." Britain's press chronicled the incident. Lizzie soared once more to posthumous fame as a popular heroine. Up went sales of the song's sheet music and records. As a supreme tribute to Lizzie's new popularity, London's *Evening News* devoted three installments to the grisly murders.

* A jury, not convinced that a Sunday school teacher could murder her father and stepmother with an ax, acquitted Lizzie, who peacefully passed to her reward 34 years later in 1927.

EDUCATION

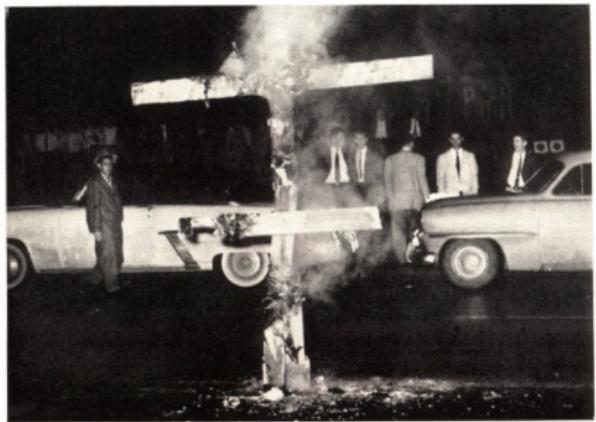
Alabama's Scandal

Of all the Southern universities that have been forced to open their doors to Negroes,⁸ none have reacted so violently—or surrendered so abjectly to mob pressure—as Alabama. All week a storm of hatred swirled around the lone figure of Autherine Juanita Lucy, 26, the first Negro ever admitted to a white public school or university in the state.

The youngest child of a tenant farmer in Shiloh, Autherine Lucy began her fight to get into the university in 1952. Promptly rejected, along with her Negro friend Pollie Ann Myers Hudson, she took her case to a Birmingham Negro lawyer named Arthur Shores. The Supreme Court

Birmingham to Tuscaloosa in time for her first class in geography. Before 9 a.m. she walked into Smith Hall, took a seat in the first row. "I was met with hateful stares," she reported later. "As I sat down . . . several students moved away." That night 1,000 students marched on the home of President Oliver Cromwell Carmichael. They sang *Dixie*, shouted, "To hell with Autherine!" and "Keep 'Bama white!" Another group of mobsters set a Ku Klux-style cross on fire in front of Dean William Adams' house.

Saturday, Autherine attended her one class, went home un molested. But about 11 p.m. a crowd of students and townspeople once again marched on Carmichael's house, shouted him down when he urged



BURNING CROSS AT TUSCALOOSA
"Hey, hey, ho, ho, Autherine must go."

ordered Federal Judge Harlan Grooms to instruct the university that it could not refuse students on the basis of race. Though Alabama turned down Pollie Ann on the grounds of "her conduct and marital record" (she is involved in a divorce action), it reluctantly notified Autherine, on the very eve of registration day, that she would be allowed to enroll. In spite of the fact that she was barred from all dormitories and dining halls, Autherine registered. Her life since then:

Friday, Feb. 3. Autherine was driven by a Baptist pastor the 60 miles from

⁸ Beginning, as far as the U.S. Supreme Court is concerned, with the Gaines case of 1958. In 1935, Lloyd Gaines, a citizen of Missouri and a graduate of Lincoln University (Missouri), tried to enter the University of Missouri law school and was turned down. The Supreme Court's decision: the university's contention that Negroes could not open scholarships in law schools outside the state was beside the point. If Missouri itself could not provide equal-and-separate facilities for Gaines, the university would have to take him in.

them to disperse. Meanwhile, other hoodlums were at work downtown. They mobbed three cars driven by Negroes; one white student hopped on the roof of a car, jumped up and down until he had mashed it in. Then another cross was fired in the main quadrangle of the campus.

Monday. This, says Autherine, "is a day I'll never want to live through again. She arrived at Smith Hall in a black Cadillac driven by Henry Nathaniel Quinn, Negro owner of a Birmingham finance company. A crowd of 300 had already gathered around the hall, suddenly began to chant "Hey, hey, ho, ho, Autherine must go." At the end of class Dean of Women Sarah L. Healy and Carmichael's assistant, Jefferson Bennett, led Autherine out a back door to a waiting car. The mob spotted them, began throwing eggs and stones as the car sped off to Bibb Graves Hall for Autherine's next class (children's literature). Autherine had to use a back door once again, but the crowd kept pelting the car with rocks, shouting at

Bennett, "Kill him! Kill him!" Says Autherine: "After that class I was not permitted to leave the building, for my own safety. I could still hear the crowd outside Sometimes later I was escorted back to Birmingham by the state police."

During these demonstrations the board of trustees met, later sent Autherine a telegram notifying her: FOR YOUR SAFETY AND THE SAFETY OF THE STUDENTS AND FACULTY MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITY, YOU ARE HEREBY SUSPENDED FROM CLASSES UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE. But this action did little to pacify Tuscaloosa. That night another mob, made up in part of high-school students and workers from a local rubber factory, descended again on Carmichael's home, refused to leave even when Mrs. Carmichael assured them that the president was not at home. The mob threw gravel at the house, set off firecrackers, sent an egg whizzing past Mrs. Carmichael's head.

Tuesday. In spite of President Carmichael's efforts to explain why the trustees had forbidden Autherine to attend classes ("There might have been tragedy far greater than any we have seen"), the student legislature issued a stern reprimand. It denounced mob rule, demanded that university officials take strong action to restore the university's reputation. Why, asked Dennis Holt, president of the debating society, had the trustees suspended Autherine? "They did it because the mob forced them to. The mob won."

At week's end Lawyer Shores filed contempt-of-court charges against the trustees for suspending Autherine, and another contempt charge against Dean Healy for barring her from dormitories and dining halls. But whatever the legal outcome, Autherine Lucy faces an uncertain future at the university. The police had done little against the mobs; in three days of violence they had made only three arrests. Worse still, university officials had given no indication that they could stand up to pressure, or that they really cared whether or not their campus regained its moral leadership.

"God knows," said Autherine Lucy, "I didn't intend to cause all this violence and agitation among my fellow citizens and fellow students. I merely wanted an education . . . I will keep fighting until I get one."

Liberal & Creative

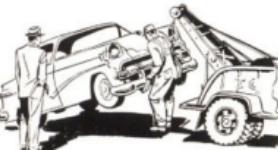
Two famed New England colleges announced that they would build elaborate new art centers to strengthen the role of the creative arts in the life of the liberal-arts student.

A stone's throw from its "collegiate Gothic" Green Hall, Wellesley College will put up two ultramodern buildings containing a 350-seat combined theater, lecture and recital hall and a gallery for art exhibitions. The gift of Spokane lumber tycoon George Frederick Jewett and his wife (Wellesley '23 and a trustee of the college) and their son and daughter, the buildings will form the Jewett Art, Music and Theater Center. Said President Margaret Clapp of the gift: "Aware



"Ever try to cash a \$50 check in the old French Quarter?"

ASKS MR. HANS OTTO EHRENFEST



"New Orleans is a land of milk and honey. But the day I cracked up my car there—it became a desolate place for me.

"There I was—600 miles from home—and a perfect vacation plan gone sour.

"But here's where I got my break. My car was insured with Hardware Mutuals of Stevens Point, Wisconsin.

"In a matter of minutes, one of the representatives from their New Orleans office was at my side taking over all the details and getting my car into a nearby garage.

"Oh, yes! About that \$50 check!

"Well, I carry \$50 deductible collision—and do you

know—that garage owner wouldn't accept my check.

"You guessed it! My friend from Hardware Mutuals cashed my check—and then paid the cautious garage man the amount of the damages. In short order I was on my way again with minimum trouble or delay.

"I can tell you—this Hardware Mutuals fellow was a friend, indeed, to a true friend in need."

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of the challenge which automation will present to the good use of leisure time, and aware that women educated through the liberal arts will influence the role of arts and letters . . . the Jewets want Wellesley to have the means to contribute more fully to the national culture in the decades ahead."

Last week the trustees of Dartmouth College announced that a special building committee, headed by Nelson Rockefeller, '30, will plan and raise money for a combined social and art center to be named after President Emeritus Ernest Martin Hopkins. Among the new center's facilities: a 450-seat theater, a 900-seat auditorium, galleries, studios and workshops for painting, music, printmaking, sculpture and woodworking, all designed "to encourage campus-wide participation in both the doing and the viewing of these arts as a part of the daily life of a liberally educated person."

Which Way Cambridge?

As any middle-aged Cantabrigian might remember it from his student days, Britain's great Cambridge University was a mellow place with a flavor of its own. But today, all that is historic Cambridge seems threatened. As one student put it: "The university of Byron is being overshadowed by Newton's and Darwin's."

The big change began during World War II. With its long record of achievement in the natural sciences, Cambridge found itself taking on every sort of wartime research project that the government and industry wanted. Peace brought no relief. The atom and the cold war made even heavier demands on technical and scientific research. Alongside Cambridge's 21 tradition-bound colleges, new shiny laboratories sprang up, and an army of efficient, white-coated researchers invaded the ancient city. Most of them did not seem to care one whit for college traditions. Of the ten new departments founded since the war, seven are scientific. The number of research students has jumped from 246 to 620.

Last week the general board of the university recommended that no additions be made to any scientific staff, that research be curtailed, that in the interests of preserving the traditional, residential character of Cambridge, "further expansion in the teaching of applied science and technology might best be left to other universities." Last fortnight 600 of the university's dons met in their marble Senate House to hear the opponents of the proposal state their case. Last week it was the turn of the supporters. When the arguments are all in, the senate will have to vote on just what sort of university Cambridge is to be. In view of Britain's technological needs, it will be quite a decision to make. Said one physicist: "I'm scared to death. This place can't live unless it can expand." Counteracted a history don: "At the discussion, we heard a chorus of scientists yelling 'More, more,' holding up national needs to justify expansion. They don't seem to realize that this is Cambridge."

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MEDICINE

Children's Mental Hospital

Mental illness in a child often seems more strangely frightening than mental illness in an adult. An emotionally disturbed child is far more likely than an adult to act out his hostile and aggressive impulses, instead of merely talking them out, because deeds are more natural to him than words. In a mental hospital this sometimes makes the child patient[®] a demon of destructiveness, and many institutions refuse to accept him.

Last week bigwig psychiatrists from across the U.S. converged on Ann Arbor to help dedicate a monument to the proposition that more can and must be done for such children: the Children's Psychiatric Unit at the University of Michigan

in the ceiling—in an earlier building the children tore ordinary radiators apart. Walls are lined with rugged tile up to a height of seven feet. Thermostats are covered by grills. Door hinges are made so that they cannot be dismantled. Beds, like other furniture, are of rugged, 1½-in. oak. "We tried steel beds before," says Dr. Waggoner, "and they only lasted a few months."

Basic plans for the new units were roughed out on the living-room floor of Child Psychiatrist Ralph D. Rabinovitch and his psychiatrist-wife Sara Dubo. (They have since resigned, will leave after the unit is in full operation.) In the planning, their first premise was that a mentally ill child has suffered a lack of something vital in his home life. It would only



Joe Clark

PSYCHIATRISTS RABINOVITCH & DUBO WITH YOUNG PATIENTS
Inside indestructible walls, the feeling of home.

Hospital. Though the six-story, yellow brick building was barely finished, 30-odd children from the ages of six to twelve had been moved in. The unit's capacity: 75. That is sizable for a children's mental hospital, though many thousands of children in the U.S. need psychiatric hospital care.

Positive & Negative. Says Dr. Raymond W. Waggoner, the university's chief of psychiatry: "The design was governed by two factors. The positive was to make a hospital for children as much like home as possible. The negative was to create a building in which the child could not destroy himself or other objects."

To achieve the negative, heat is supplied by forcing air over hot-water pipes

make things worse to keep him in an old-fashioned institution. So, despite all the precautions needed for damage control, they stressed what Dr. Waggoner calls the positive, made the atmosphere in the unit as little like that of a hospital as possible.

Talk & Schooling. Dormitory floors have no big wards, only rooms with one to four beds. One floor, for more tractable patients and those almost ready to go home, has 27 beds. Staff members, who outnumber patients almost two to one, wear no uniforms. To give a feeling of going from home to school, patients leave their dormitory floors after breakfast and go to a floor where there are classrooms, workshops, rooms for remedial reading—and kitchen for smudging up fudge and popping corn.

Each child gets three to five hours every week with one of the 16 resident psychiatrists, besides an individually tailored program of schooling and shopwork. Most

[®] Children's mental illnesses vary widely and cannot be pigeonholed into neat categories. To avoid sticking themselves with the pin on a diagnostic label, many psychiatrists prefer to lump all juvenile mental patients under the cliché heading "emotionally disturbed."

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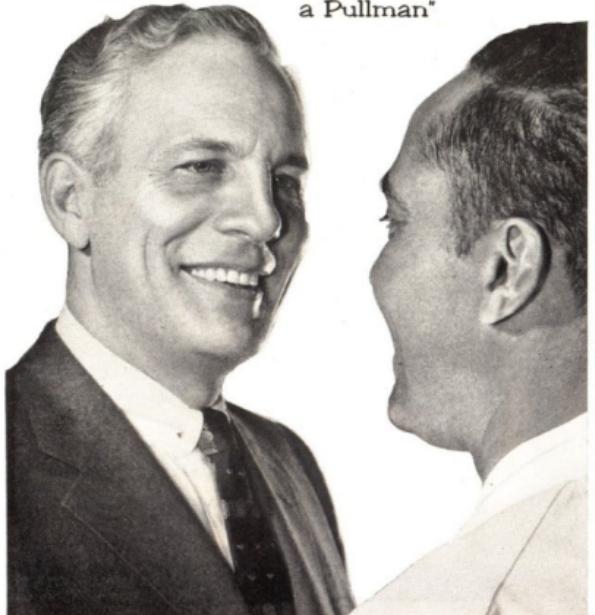
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important, every child is encouraged and helped to develop family-like attachments to patients and staff members.

Average stay in the new unit is expected to be eight months. Average cost: \$6,000 (although most patients are treated free). The hospital does not turn down even the toughest cases. It has taken in firebugs and killers (one boy who had killed his parents was admitted for diagnosis), helped them find useful lives in the world.

Mass Cardiograms

Through the city room of the Abilene (Texas) *Reporter News* last week marched a strange procession. In the lead was Dr. William Bluford Adamson, wearing brown alligator cowboy boots and carrying a case not much bigger than a portable typewriter. He was followed by his wife, two medical technicians and two nurses. In the newspaper's morgue, Cardiologist Adamson opened his box and unveiled an electrocardiograph.

Printer-Foreman Bill Meroney was part of a second procession: *Reporter News* workers having their hearts checked. Mrs. Adamson made sure that Meroney's questionnaire was completed ("Has anybody in your family ever had heart disease? Have you ever had rheumatic fever or scarlet fever?") After a blood-pressure reading, a nurse taped electrodes to Meroney's wrists and Dr. Adamson taped another pair to his ankles. Then the doctor switched on the ECG machine and got a reading of the electrical impulses generated with Meroney's heartbeats. He appeared to have a sound heart, but of the first 70 employees tested, eight had dubious ECG readings or other indications of possible trouble.

In time, the county heart association hopes to check on the heartbeat of all of Taylor County (pop. 80,000). There is a long waiting list for Dr. Adamson's services, and this week he will carry his machine into the public schools. The aim: to make mass heart checkups as commonplace in U.S. cities as TB screening.

New Hand at HEW

A soft-spoken Hoosier settled down in an incompletely furnished office in Washington's Health, Education and Welfare Department last week to tackle a big job. As special assistant (to Secretary Marion Folsom) for health and medical affairs, Dr. Lowell Thelwell Coggeshall, 55, has a roving commission, but his special concerns are improving research, financing medical education and making hospital care simpler and cheaper.

Career & Training. Born and raised on a farm near Saratoga in eastern Indiana, "Coy" was one of two in the local high school's senior class. At Indiana University he waited on tables to help pay for his tuition in zoology, then got a Rockefeller Foundation job in malaria research. This gave him the idea that he needed an M.D. Back at Indiana U. he helped pay tuition by teaching physiology to prospective embalmers.

In World War II Coggeshall put his

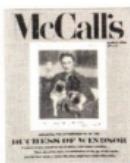
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Illustration

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Television brings more day to day pleasure to American families than anything else they own. Many people forget this when buying their first or second receiver. Yet the difference between getting *all* that television offers in enjoyment, or getting far less, amounts to only a few pennies a day.

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tubes, *all* parts and service for three months—the period when most adjustments of your set in its new environment are required. Only Magnavox gives you this protection.

Yet Magnavox costs you no more. It actually costs you less than other makes in the long run. Magnavox instruments are sold directly through franchised dealers—picked for their integrity and ability to give you service and satisfaction. Magnavox makes its own quality components and fine furniture cabinets. This, aided by highly efficient engineering and manufacturing—plus lower distribution costs—all adds up to more value for you.

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THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY, Fort Wayne 4, Indiana

earlier research to practical use by helping fight malaria at African air bases. Then he moved on to the Navy as consultant, fought a similar campaign against *malaria*, the filariasis that South Pacific G.I.s dreaded because they feared it would lead to elephantiasis or perhaps sterility. Coggeshall boosted their morale by showing that it did not. Since 1947 he has been head of the University of Chicago's division of the biological sciences, which embraces a medical school and nine hospitals.

Ideas and Plans. Coggeshall's agenda for HEW include getting some money from voluntary health organizations (e.g., the American Cancer Society, National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis) for improving medical schools. But his most interesting project is a revolutionary plan



Walter B. Coggeshall
Patient, serve thyself.

for American hospitals. As Coggeshall sees it, there are two kinds of hospital patients: the seriously ill, who need all the services that a hospital can afford, and those who are in for less serious ailments or mere diagnosis. But, he points out, most modern hospital rooms are designed for the first type. They are rigged for all kinds of emergencies, with such fixtures as oxygen outlets, and this makes them expensive. With every room a sick room, hospital design also leads to big staffs—so many trained people to give injections, nurses to answer the buzzer, orderlies to give baths and serve meals.

Says Coggeshall: "I should like to see a self-service wing set up in a hospital, for patients who don't need all this expensive special equipment and service. Those who are in for diagnosis or convalescing may well be able to go to a cafeteria and service themselves—and enjoy company at their meals. Some of them might go home at night. I believe that those who are not incapacitated should not be treated—and charged—as though they were."



Sunday dinner! Here's what two Americans found at The Star and Eagle, Goudhurst, Kent.

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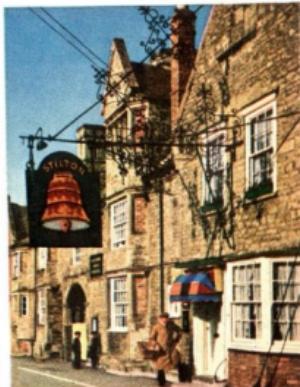
Northern Ireland? Don't fail to try Ballymoney ham and peach sauce. Leicestershire? He's a poorer man who misses Melton Mowbray pie. Lake District? Taste Cumberland rum butter—Wordsworth doted on it. And when

in Scotland, remember the princely grouse, the poetic haggis, the salmon, the venison, the trout. And wherever you go you'll get those gargantuan British breakfasts and afternoon teas.

Prices? If you want to cut a dash, you can pay \$8 for dinner in a fashionable London restaurant. But almost everywhere else in Britain you can eat four good meals a day for under \$5! Ask your travel agent.

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Man-Guided Missile

Science fiction teems with spaceships, but in real life they do not exist. No man-carrying craft has even approached space—yet. Now, after a two-year study, the Office of Naval Research and Douglas Aircraft Co. (builder of the supersonic Skyrocket) have decided that an "inhabited" rocket airplane can be built that will soar to 750,000 ft. (140 miles) and land on the earth safely. It will not be a spaceship in the strictest sense, but the air that it will traverse at the top of its flight will be as thin as a laboratory vacuum.

ONR figures that the space plane can use an existing rocket motor to push it with an acceleration that the pilot can stand. Best take-off procedure will probably be to launch it into the air from the belly of a high-flying bomber. According to ONR's plans, the pilot will retain complete control of his craft, steering it with control surfaces while still in the atmosphere. When the air thins out too much to be used for steering, he will control the plane's altitude by firing small rockets set at an angle to the fuselage.

The space plane's top speed will be about Mach 5 (3,500 m.p.h.), and the whole flight will take, at most, 20 minutes, covering a horizontal distance of some 500 miles. The pilot will have to be provided with air, presumably by pressurizing his cabin, but this will not be much of a problem for so short a time. Solar heating and cosmic rays will be no problem either.

The great problem: how to get the space plane back to earth. Its speed, as it falls through the vanishing thin air, will rise enough to generate dangerous frictional heat, especially when the air thickens at 50,000 ft. The leading edges of the stubby wings will glow cherry red, and part of their substance will be washed away, even if they are made of heat-resistant metal. But the heating will continue for only a short time, and ONR believes that wings can be made to survive it.

Once in the lower atmosphere, the space plane will slow down by circling, and head for some landing field with a very long runway. It will touch at 250 m.p.h., and may use a drag parachute to check its speed on the ground. When the pilot steps out and walks away, he will have passed the longest 20 minutes in the history of manned flight.

Demoted Planet

Astronomers have always felt uncertain about Pluto, the outermost planet in the solar system. It is suspiciously small, with less than half of the earth's diameter, and its orbit is peculiar. Instead of revolving in a near-circle around the sun as the other planets do, Pluto follows an eccentric ellipse, cutting across the orbit of Neptune, its sunward neighbor (which is 39 times the size of the earth). These

deviations suggest that Pluto may not be a real planet.

Last week Astronomer Gerard Peter Kuiper (rhymes with piper) of the University of Chicago made another move toward demoting Pluto. Recent observations have proved that its period of rotation on its own axis is more than six days (TIME, Feb. 6). For a planet, says Scientist Kuiper, this is too slow.

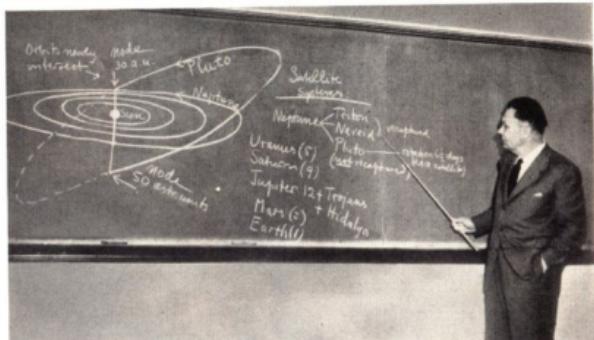
Most astronomers now think that the sun and its planets were once a great cloud of gas and dust which gradually condensed around a central mass. That mass became the sun. As the gas cloud grew smaller and denser, some of its material spun out to form a flat disk. After a billion years or so, the disk broke up into loose blobs called protoplanets. Each of these contracted independently, forming its own core. Any material left

Neptune's gaseous envelope. Now it is probably safe for the life of the solar system.

Servile Birth. If Pluto were a real planet, says Dr. Kuiper, its orbit could not be so eccentric. Best proof, however, of Pluto's humble origin is its slow rotation. Planetary satellites turn only fast enough to present the same face to their planet. The earth's moon does this, rotating once for each turn around its orbit. Dr. Kuiper believes that Pluto used to revolve around Neptune once in about 6½ days, rotating on its own axis in the same period. Now, on its lonely orbit around the sun, it rotates just as fast as when it was attached to Neptune.

Anti-Hurricane Campaign

The veering of the hurricane track toward the populous northeast coast of the U.S. has made the nation more hurricane-conscious than ever before. Next season the Government will launch a



ASTRONOMER KUIPER
A satellite got liberated.

United Press

outside eventually turned into satellites revolving around a planet.

Solar Cleanup. While the protoplanets were still in existence, about 4.5 billion years ago, the sun became dense and hot enough to support nuclear reactions that made it glow brightly. Its light and heat blew gases away from the nearer protoplanets (proto-earth, proto-Mars, etc.), leaving little more than rocky cores. The more distant protoplanets, which became Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, retained a good deal of their gases, as they do today. They did grow smaller, however, and as their gravitation decreased, their satellites tended to escape like dogs that have slipped their leashes.

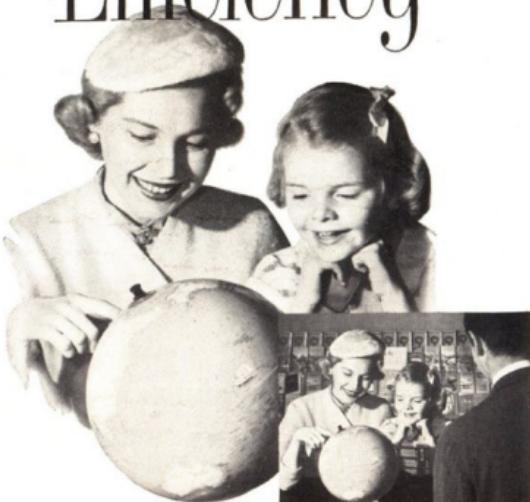
Dr. Kuiper thinks that Pluto is an escaped satellite that once revolved around Neptune. The other satellites of Neptune, Triton and Nereid, may have escaped too, but eventually were recaptured. They tangled with the gaseous envelope that still surrounded the mother planet and were reduced again to the satellite status. Pluto, however, managed to keep its freedom until the sun had dissipated most of

campaign to find out what makes hurricanes form, grow, sweep on their courses and do their destruction. When a hurricane's secrets are fully known, perhaps it can be prevented, diverted or destroyed.

Guided by Weather Bureau scientists, every Government agency that can take a hand is planning to help the National Hurricane Research Project. From Trinidad to Florida, 27 stations will launch weather balloons and record the radio reports on the weather they pass through. The Air Force will send flying laboratories into each hurricane. B-50 bombers will take care of altitudes from 1,000 to 25,000 ft., and a B-47 jet-bomber crew will make runs between 30,000 and 45,000 ft. All the planes will bristle with instruments to measure everything from the temperature to electrical conditions in the air or clouds.

Rockets Above. When a hurricane comes within reach of Wallops Island, Va., the Navy will stand by to give it the works with two-stage rockets, which will soar 100 miles above it and take pictures of its spinning doughnut. The rockets'

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recording gear will be parachuted into the sea. When the blow is over, the instruments will call for help with small radio voices, and Navy rescue crews will hurry to pick them up.

As soon as the hurricane's calm blue eye takes shape, the Weather Bureau plans to drop a balloon inside it. Equipped with automatic instruments to keep it at a constant level, it will float serenely in the heart of the storm, reporting its position by radio and tracking the hurricane.

As the storm sweeps northward, shore stations and offshore Texas towers will measure its waves. Their radars will plot the streams of rain. If the hurricane hits land, Army engineers will collect flood data; the Hydrographic Office and the Coast and Geodetic Survey will observe wave effects. The enormous mass of information will be put on punch cards, fed



James F. Coyne

METEOROLOGIST SIMPSON
A doughnut gets destructive.

into a machine and turned into a clear report of how the hurricane is behaving and is likely to behave.

Fine Structure. The purpose of all this effort, says Meteorologist Robert H. Simpson, the Weather Bureau's head of the project, is to get a line on the "fine structure" of hurricanes, to learn where they get their energy and how they use it in building up destructive force.

When hurricanes are very young, they are still feeble, and there is at least a possibility that modern cloud-seeding methods (with dry ice or silver iodide particles) can keep them from forming an ordered, destructive doughnut. Full grown, a hurricane develops more energy in each second than several atomic bombs, and nothing can be done about it directly. But there is a possibility that a hurricane's symmetry can be damaged. If the rate of energy release in one quadrant of the hurricane can be increased or decreased, the storm may change its direction, perhaps missing by miles a vulnerable coast.

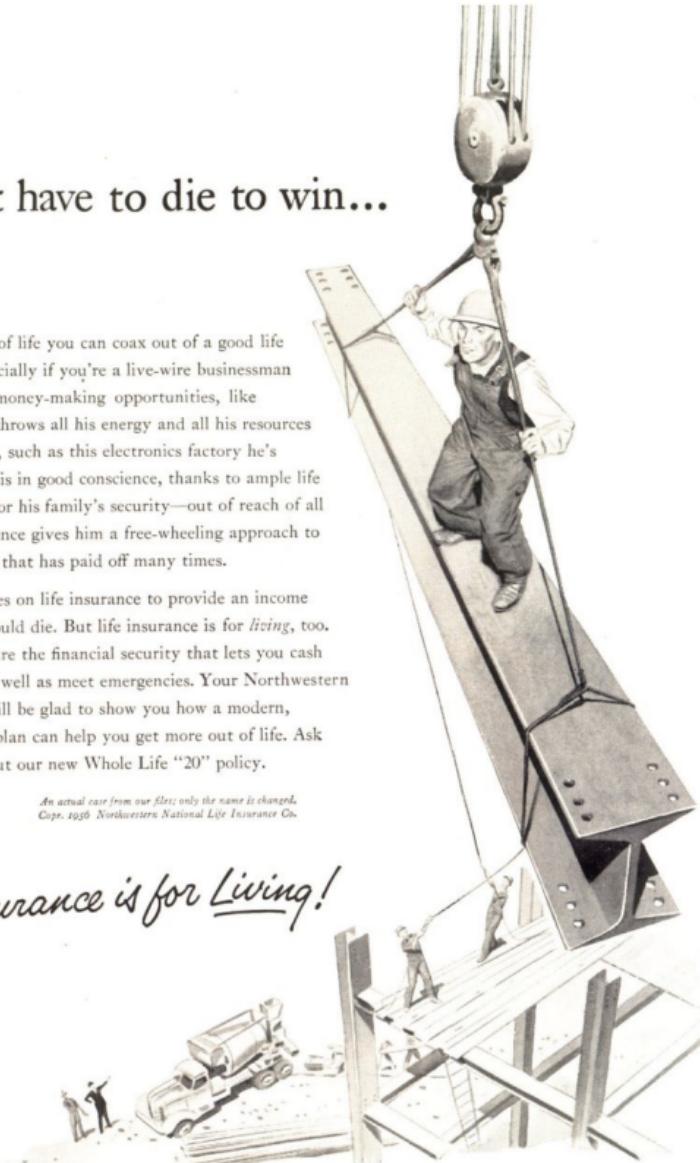
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RELIGION

A New Genesis

When scholars got a look at a small fragment of the seventh and last of the Dead Sea Scrolls found in Jordan in 1947, they discovered the name of Lamech, the father of Noah. They concluded that the seventh scroll was an apocryphal *Book of Lamech*. There the matter stood, for the seventh scroll seemed too brittle to be unrolled.

In 1954 Israel bought the seventh scroll (and three others) from Jerusalem's Syrian Metropolitan Mar Athanasius Samuel, and experts at Hebrew University tackled the problem of unrolling it. Slowly softened by humid air, the leather scroll finally opened. Its center yielded four complete and legible pages and several fragments. Last week the secret of the seventh scroll was revealed. It proved to be a warning against jumping to conclusions about the Dead Sea Scrolls.

Far from being part of the *Book of Lamech*, the pages were an Aramaic version of Chapters 12 to 15 of *Genesis*, interwoven with stories and legends about the Patriarchs. As scholars examined the scroll further, it became clear that all of it deals with the *Book of Genesis* in the same order as the accepted text. The fragment mentioning Lamech that had misled the scholars was evidently part of Chapter 5 of *Genesis*.

Precise details of the text will not be published until the four pages have been completely deciphered, but some interesting differences between the seventh scroll and the *Book of Genesis* have already come to light. Items:

¶ The text is written in a style unlike that of *Genesis*, and is partly in the first person, recalling the *Book of Daniel* and the apocryphal *Book of Jubilees*.

¶ In Chapter 12, in which Abraham's wife Sarah is taken by the Pharaoh in Egypt, the scroll adds a detailed account of Sarah's beauty, describing her feet, legs, face and hair.

¶ In Chapter 13, where God instructs Abraham to walk "through the land in the length, and in the breadth thereof," the scroll adds a first-person account by Abraham of his journey.

¶ Chapter 14, which describes the Battle of the Kings, details names and places that differ from *Genesis* or clarify known translations.

¶ The scroll reports, in Chapter 15, a colloquial discussion between Abraham and his wife after God promised them a son. *Genesis* makes no mention of such a conversation.

The deciphering will take months, but, said Archeologist Yigael Yadin: "We hope that by summer the world will know just exactly how beautiful Sarah was."

Kosher Revival

Food disciplines are part of every great religion. Psychologically they are almost inevitable, and extremely practical . . . Didn't you feel more . . . at home in the world, warm, safe, good, while you were observing your laws?

—Herman Wouk in *Marjorie Morningstar*

In the revival of religious observances in the U.S., Jews are regaining their interest in the Jewish dietary law, generally known as kashruth. Rabbis report a flood of inquiries from housewives and requests from food manufacturers for rabbinical supervision. Many national brands are adding kosher products to their lines, e.g., Heinz, Beech-nut, Brillo, Curtiss Candy Co. (which now has a kosher O.K. for its Baby Ruth and Butterfinger bars).

Why should Jews observe kashruth? Says Rabbi Leonard Oschy of Chicago's Hebrew Theological College, who is leading a campaign for more kosher households: "By observing it, I make my whole life holy; it is a daily reminder of my Jewishness." Said a Jewish housewife: "You can't really be a good Jew if you don't keep a kosher house."

God-Fearing Butchers. Kashruth can make demands at once difficult and subtle. At Passover, for instance, when leavened foods are prohibited, orthodox Jews must beware of soda pop containing food coloring made from an alcoholic base, which in turn is often manufactured from leavened grain. The Old Testament prohibition against cooking a kid in its mother's milk is extended in Jewish homes to maintaining separate dishes for meat and dairy products. Explains Housewife Dorothy Tresley, an M.A. in educational psychology: "I have 4½ sets of dishes and silver: meat, dairy, just a few *parve*, or neutral pieces, and a special meat set and dairy set for Passover. The girl who comes in to help me isn't Jewish, so I mark my shelves and drawers to keep her from mixing meat and dairy things. Sure, it's more



Arthur Shaw
RABBI OSCHY & KOSHER FOODS
Baby Ruth is O.K.

expensive than a trey [nonkosher] kitchen. But if you want something bad enough, you manage it."

Kosher meat is more expensive, too. Its slaughter must be rabbinically supervised and conducted according to a set ritual pattern that stresses humanness. The animal's throat must be cut, says Israel's Chief Rabbi Herzog, "with a single swift and uninterrupted sweep of the knife . . . The knife must be minutely examined by a specific method before killing . . . twelve times by the nail and by the flesh of the finger . . . It must also be examined after the killing, and if any unevenness, roughness or the minutest indention is found, the beast is regarded as having been improperly slaughtered, and its flesh . . . may not be consumed by Jews. [Slaughter] must be carried out] by an educated, refined and cultured man, known to be God-fearing."

Nothing Wishy-Washy. Second reason for the high cost of kosher meat: butcher shops, also supervised by rabbis, must scrupulously trim fat from all meat. "The Jewish housewife is very particular," says Jack Price, a director of the Chicago Kosher Butchers Association. "She doesn't care about price. She will haggle about the looks of the meat, and make the butcher cut this and that until she is satisfied. This drives the kosher butcher crazy sometimes, but he respects the housewife who demands the best." Last week's Chicago prices for a rib roast: A. & P.—\$55 a lb., kosher—\$69½ a lb. and up.

The original reasons for the dietary laws were probably partly hygienic, but another end is to keep Jews as a group apart, prevent intermarriage with non-Jews. Today's kosher revival may have other origins. As young Mrs. Tresley explains it: "People are looking for something to believe in, something to hang on to. They don't want a wishy-washy life; they want something concrete."



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RADIO & TELEVISION

The Week in Review

The forecast for good TV entertainment was largely in the stars. TV's pitchmen offered Julie Harris, Cyril Ritchard, Walter Slezak, Lee Tracy, Hume Cronyn, Bette Davis and Peter Lorre. Unhappily, the stars were not always bright enough to twinkle through the cloudy scripts.

The week's best prospect was Ferenc Molnar's *The Good Fairy*, produced by Maurice Evans on *Hallmark Hall of Fame* (Sun. 4 p.m., NBC). For a while it looked as if three expert players could bring off the tender, sophisticated, 25-year-old Hungarian fantasy about a "little glowworm" usherette (Julie Harris) who wants to be a good fairy to a highly moral but impoverished lawyer (Walter Slezak), is pursued by an immensely wealthy but engagingly unethical Lothario (Cyril Ritchard), and winds up in the arms of her own true love. But in a quarter of a century, *The Good Fairy* has aged, and not even saucy playing could conceal the fact that the goulash has lost its paprika and the champagne that accompanies it has gone flat.

Expensive Sabotage? Whatever hopes anyone might have had about Bette Davis on television film were headed for a crackup when she appeared in *Crack-Up* on the 20th Century-Fox Hour (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS). For two acts of a dreary version of a 1952 film by Writer Nunnally Johnson, Bette did not even appear, as the dialogue drove on between drama ("We belong together; I know we do") and comedy ("It's raining cats and dogs; I just stepped in a puddle"). When she finally did appear as a bedridden sage spouting inspirational clichés, she was as stiff and formal as Queen Victoria issuing a proclamation. It all seemed like an expensive piece of sabotage in which 20th Century-Fox was trying to convince viewers to stay away from TV.

TV took a beating of another sort on the *Kraft Theater* (Wed. 9 p.m., NBC), when Lee Tracy drew a sharply defined portrait of a tough, successful TV star in David Karp's *Good Old Charley Faye*. The principal characterization was well done in the writing as well as in the acting, and there were some nice, nostalgic throwbacks to the vaudeville of the '20s as old jokes were recalled during a soft-shoe routine ("You take a shower this morning?" "Why? Is one missing?" And: "Care to join me in a cup of coffee?" "Is there room for both of us?"). But the play had little to say, and fuzzed it badly at the implausible climax.

Amiable Idiots. In *The Fifth Wheel, Climax* (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., CBS) seemed to have an engaging little item. It was made up of a couple of crooks, a couple of priests, the Never Worry Finance Co., a magenta automobile that one of the priests calls Rosey, and \$35,000 in cash, robbed from a bank, that the crooks have hidden in Rosey's spare tire. Unfortu-



Fred Mermerson

JULIE HARRIS & WALTER SLEZAK
 The goulash had no paprika.

nately, neither the author, the director nor the actors seemed to realize that the strength of farce rests on credibility and surprise. The incidents that were not predictable were unbelievable, and both crooks and priests were written as amiable idiots. Hume Cronyn as one of the priests and Peter Lorre as one of the crooks did not help matters.

Hucksters in Britain

Strange things were happening in London. Fake detectives arrested Englishmen and marched them off to be gazed upon and laughed at. Fake paper hangers entered the homes of Englishmen and gummed up the walls beyond recognition. A fake baby was bundled in the arms of a woman as she singled out a total stranger standing in a bus queue. "He," she cried, pointing at the stranger, "is the father of my child!"

What had happened to British dignity? Commercial television had been let loose in the land.

The biggest shocker was *People Are Funny* (originally a U.S. show), ostensibly put on to entertain viewers, but really to sell them soap and such. Parliament and the press have denounced the show so roundly that it will be taken off the air next month. But though commercial TV has lost one battle, it is clearly in Britain to stay. In the five months it has been around, it has shown that in some ways it can do better in attracting audiences than stuffy, mighty BBC.

Top Ten. BBC has admitted that in the London area commercial TV is drawing about 51% of the potential adult TV audience. For viewers who have a choice, commercial TV also has the top ten most popular shows: 1) *Sunday Night at the London Palladium*, 2) *The Gracie Fields*



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Show, 3) *Saturday Show Time* (variety), 4) *Jack Hylton's Half Hour* (variety), 5) *Robin Hood*, 6) *Take Your Pick* (quiz), 7) *Roy Rogers*, 8) *International Screen* (movies), 9) *I Love Lucy*, 10) *Dragnet* and *The Inner Sanctum* in a tie with a variety show, a disk-jockey show and a mystery-drama show. In prime evening hours, commercial TV outdraws the BBC in homes with a choice by three to two.

Commercial programs can be tuned in only in the London area. Out of 4,000,000 families in that area, about 1,600,000 (roughly 40%) have TV sets. Only about 525,000 of these families have gone to the expense (\$31) of converting their sets so they can get commercial as well as BBC telecasts. Result: commercial TV has a potential adult audience of only 1,425,000, compared to BBC's potential of 12.5 million.

British commercial TV has already been forced to discontinue morning programs because it can not find enough advertisers to foot the bill. It has been sharply criticized for abandoning "cultural" programs and trying to win customers with "sheer entertainment." The Independent Television Authority stoutly retorts that it presents as much and sometimes more news, political discussion, religious programs and classical music than the BBC.

Crucial Test. Nonetheless, nobody seems to be very happy about British commercial TV. Critics snipe away. Advertisers are reluctant to buy time. This week commercial TV faces a crucial test when it begins operating a new transmitter in Birmingham, in the populous midlands. It is estimated that by the end of the month 400,000 additional families (about 1,150,000 viewers) will be able to see commercial TV shows.

But with all commercial TV's birth pains, Great Britain is becoming a TV nation. Britons who have looked down their noses at U.S. TV are learning a few lessons, notably, that 1) popular taste in any country, even Great Britain, is apt to be common, 2) hucksters making a sales pitch can be repulsive, and 3) any relationship between commercial TV and "culture" is likely to be pure coincidence.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, Feb. 15. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

"Oscar" Nominations (Sat. 9 p.m., NBC). Presented for the Motion Picture Academy by William Holden, Judy Holliday, Edmond O'Brien, Celeste Holm.

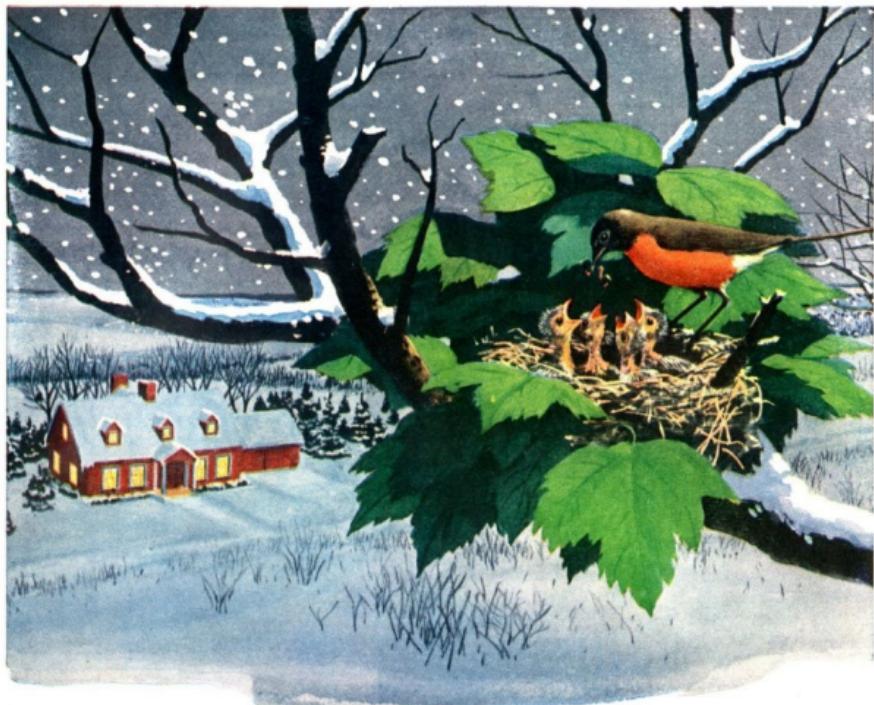
The Alcoa Hour (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC). Reginald Rose's *Tragedy in a Temporary Town*.

Good Morning (Mon.-Fri. 7 a.m., CBS). Will Rogers Jr. begins a series.

RADIO

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Der Rosenkavalier*.

Philadelphia Orchestra (Sat. 9:05 p.m., CBS). Eugene Ormandy conducts Mozart.



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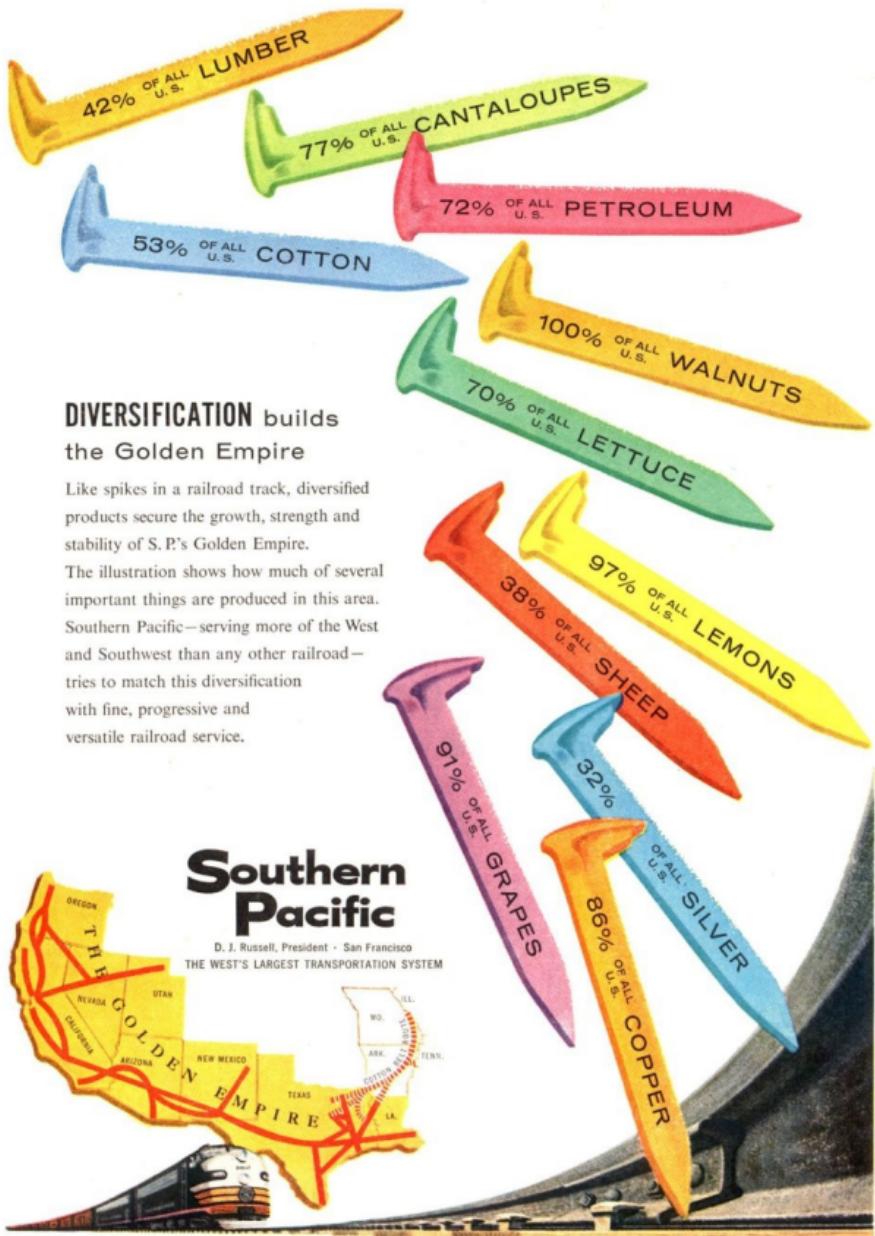
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MUSIC

Benny Is Back

In the luxurious rectangular box that is the Waldorf-Astoria's Empire Room, a well-rounded, balding businessman in spectacles put a clarinet to his lips and once again became a famous living trademark. Behind him 13 instruments exploded in the old Goodman theme song *Let's Dance*, and the guests at the Empire Room's tables began to feel wonderful. A surprised young waiter nearly dropped the *filet mignon* Benny he was serving. "For this room—so loud!" he whispered.

By the time Benny Goodman's new band had worked its way through the first set, from *Bugle Call Rag* through *Sing, Sing, Sing*, everything in the Empire Room was just as Benny Goodman likes



Tommy Weber

B.G. AT THE WALDORF
Middle-aged killer-dillers.

it. People seemed unaware that there was no more space on the dance floor; they just had to dance, and they did.

The King of Swing is playing for dancing once again, and he is bucking a trend he himself started 20 years ago when Benny and his free-swinging sidemen had youngsters clustering around the bandstand to squeal and applaud their riffs and licks. Swing was the thing, and in 1938 Benny Goodman set an altitude record for jazzmen with his concert at Carnegie Hall.

But the end of World War II left Benny—and the other big jazz bands—far behind. The standard unit became the combo (three to eight musicians) and the music they played took off into outer space of cold, interstellar atomaties. Benny Goodman spent more and more time at his place in Connecticut, listening to his classical records.

Last week Benny seemed happier than he had been in a long time. Standout side-

men in Benny's new band: Trombonist Urbie Green and Drummer Mousie Alexander, a graduate, surprisingly, of the contrapuntal Sauter-Finegan band. The arrangements were mostly the old Fletcher Henderson "killer-dillers" that Benny made famous in the '30s, and the swinging improvisations did not seem so improvised any more. But this exhibit from the past—venerable enough to have a movie made about his life—was still able to show a new generation that there is something besides Dixieland, "progressive," and the noise called rock-n-roll. "One of the worst things about this stuff they play nowadays," said Benny, "is what it does to the musicians. I had an awful time trying to get some guys together who could really deliver music. A little while ago I went over to Birdland to see what was going on. I was standing there listening in bewilderment when I noticed this kid next to me, concentrating like hell. 'You really get something out of this?' I asked him. 'Well,' he said, 'they're looking for something.' I had to laugh. 'You're right,' I told him. 'They haven't found it yet!'"

The Magnetic Pole

When 67-year-old Artur Rubinstein swept his coattails back and sat elegantly down at his Steinway one night last week, many in the crowd in Manhattan's Carnegie Hall felt they were about to listen to the best living pianist. All of them knew that they were to witness a notable musical event: the last of the great romantic performers in the spectacular tradition of Liszt and Anton Rubinstein⁹ had set himself a schedule of no less than 17 major works in a series of five concerts in 13 days—all the concertos of Beethoven and Brahms, plus ten works by Mozart, Rachmaninoff, Tchaikovsky, Grieg, Liszt, Chopin, Falla, Franck and Schumann.

It was a characteristically Rubinsteinian feat—part grandstand play, part musical passion. "Anyone could do it," he says with grand self-depreciation, "but no one will imitate me because I won't make a penny on it." Out of his share of the receipts Rubinstein was paying for the accompanying symphony orchestra (mostly members of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony) under Conductor Alfred Wallenstein. Despite the backbreaking concert schedule, tireless Artur Rubinstein took on two recording sessions, one of them at midnight (he has sold more than 3,000,000 albums for RCA Victor).

It was almost 50 years ago to the month that Artur Rubinstein first played in Carnegie Hall (a mere coincidence, he insists—"I hate anniversaries"). In that half century he has grown from a prodigy to a musical playboy to a great artist with the broadest popular following of any front-rank musician in the world. The compact dignity of his entrances, his ramrod back and frizzled grey crown,

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Student of High Life. Rubinstein was born in Lodz, Poland, the youngest of seven children of a small manufacturer. By the time he was three, he was a "terrible little fiend" about music, screaming at his sisters when they struck a sour chord and banging the piano lid on their fingers to make them stop. Impressed with his son's possibilities, Papa Rubinstein bought him a child-sized violin. Artur promptly smashed it. Papa bought another, and Artur smashed that too. Papa gave up, let him concentrate on the then less fashionable piano.

Rubinstein made his official debut in Berlin at the age of eleven, playing Mozart's *A-Major Concerto* (K. 488). Critics cheered, but today he rarely plays Mozart. "He is the greatest of them all—so clear, so pure. Today I am too clever, too knowing, no longer simple."

Instead of regular school, Artur had three tutors—one for French, one for English, and one for everything else. At 15 he was a veteran performer in the capitals of middle Europe and went to visit Paderewski, who relaxed the prodigy's initial tenseness by feeding him champagne. The treatment worked so well that a visiting music critic from Boston arranged for his first tour in the U.S. On the boat going over, the charming teenager-of-the-world lost all his cash learning poker, but he made a big hit with the fashionable New Yorkers at the card table, soon learned his way around the big houses on Fifth Avenue.

But the critics gave him a pasting, and he admits now that it was well-deserved. "They wanted to hear a performer play every little note as written," he says ruefully. Back in Paris he devoted himself to high living, for which he had almost as much talent as for music. He shared an apartment with a French count, "had a little carriage and was thin as a stick because I never got to bed until morning." One evening Composers Paul (*The Sorcerer's Apprentice*) Dukas found him breakfasting in a café and insisted that he come at once to his studio. There he presented Rubinstein with a handful of pornographic pictures. "Why?" asked Artur. "Because that's the only thing you seem to be interested in these days," said Dukas. That slap in the face and the stern lecture that followed sent Rubinstein to the country and a milk diet. But after a short while there was another love affair ("Terrible, terrible—I had to fight a duel with the husband!"), and Rubinstein was soon thin as a stick again.

No Might-Have-Been. During World War I he worked for the Allies as translator (he speaks eight languages), was so shocked by German atrocities in Belgium that he vowed never to play in Germany again, and never has. Asked what countries he had not visited in the last 40 years, he once named Tibet, because it is too high, and Germany, because it is too low. In 1938 he returned a decoration awarded him by Mussolini with a tele-



Martha Holmes

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN

Tibet was too high, Germany too low. gram signed "Artur Rubinstein. Jewish pianist."

Audiences loved him, but he was squandering his talent, and he knew it. The solution for that was pretty Aniela Mlynarski, daughter of a Polish conductor with whose orchestra Rubinstein had played as a boy. He met her when she was 16, married her when she was 22 and he was 43. Within a year he was a father (of Eva, now an actress in the Broadway hit *The Diary of Anne Frank*), and the responsibility made a serious and disciplined musician out of him. "I didn't want people telling my child after I died, 'What a pianist your father might have been!'"

For the first time, Rubinstein began to practice regularly, began to explore the musical depths of the composers he had been playing with dazzling facility for so long.

Not Quite, but Almost. These days Artur Rubinstein is on tour most of the time: each year he makes an extended tour of Latin America, with a stopover in Havana, where admirers keep him supplied with his own custom-made cigars.* "At home I get no rest," he complains amiably. "I must listen sweetly to my children or compliment them on something. My wife wants this or that, and there are friends to see and parties to go to. Touring is easy. I go to my hotel, and there is nothing to do but have my dinner and lie down for a while and read. Peace and quiet. Then the concert with everyone so kind, so good to me."

But peace and quiet have nothing to do with Artur Rubinstein. In his painting-crammed Park Avenue apartment, or his painting-crammed house in Paris, or in the world's best restaurants and sleekest salons, he is always onstage and always in action—shrugging, mugging, clowning, hand-kissing, charming, talking, talking, talking. And in concert halls and

* Inscribed "Artur Rubinstein" on the band: "That is what they call me in all Latin countries. The middle *u* is for them an extra effort."



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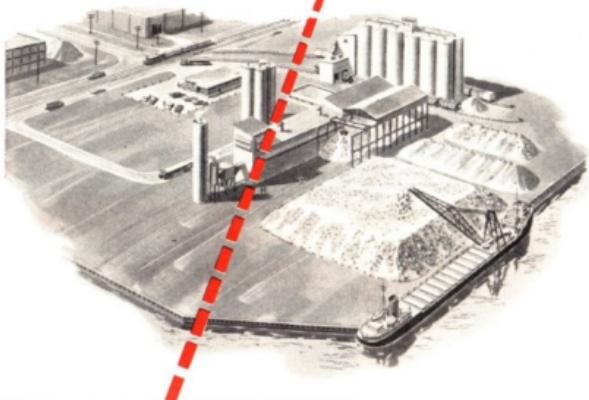
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auditoriums, gymnasiums, stadiums and town halls from Sydney to Saskatchewan he is making music with hands and heart, and always trying to do it better.

As he said last week of his present series: "I have played all those works so much at different times, but not always as I wanted to. I would like to play them all decently before I disappear. Not that I think I can do them perfectly yet. But I think I can do them almost as I want."

The Moderns on Parade

American composers have never been so busy. The Louisville Orchestra and the Boston Symphony between them are lavishly commissioning new works. Latest patron: Manhattan's Juilliard School of Music, which is celebrating its 50th anniversary with a "Festival of American Music." This month and in April Juilliard will perform 35 brand-new compositions, all but three of them commissioned by the school. The festival, says Juilliard's President William Schuman, "reaffirms [the school's] sense of responsibility toward the music of its own time." Last week the festival opened in Juilliard's University Heights auditorium, 6½ blocks north of Carnegie Hall; the concert suggested nevertheless that modern American music is no longer as out-of-the-way as it used to be.

Led with precision and enthusiasm by Conductor Jean Morel, the Juilliard student orchestra began with an eclectic taradiddle called a "Preamble" by Manhattan Composer Bernard Wagenaar, then settled down to serious business: Composer Roger Sessions' *Concerto for Piano-forte and Orchestra*. It was the second Sessions première in four weeks (TIME, Jan. 30), with a symphony and a Mass still to come this spring. Played brilliantly by Pianist Beveridge Webster, the score, to tradition-attuned listeners, was like being sprayed with salvoes of molten metal and broken glass. But the salvoes were always tightly under control, and the fragments landed in a precise, intricate pattern. The concerto moved in a strong, surging series of climaxes, without concession to showiness or chic. For all its uncompromising musical headwork, Sessions' concerto had a lyric calm that pervaded even the lightning shifts and stabblings of the fast passages.

Third composition on the program was Peter Mennin's *Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra*, which made fewer demands on the listener, and showed less originality and toughness. It provided a neo-romantic contrast to Sessions, and for long stretches sounded as if it might have been titled "Mr. Brahms Goes to Juilliard." Composer Mennin, who has six performed symphonies to his credit, kept the orchestra mostly under wraps to make his concerto one long melodious song for Leonard Rose's fluent cello.

Future names on the festival program furnish a virtual Who's Who in American Music, including Composers Walter Piston and Roy Harris, Aaron Copland, Paul Creston, Wallingford Riegger, Henry Cowell, Norman Dello Joio.



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SPORT

Wonderful Whale

Early birds at the New York Athletic Club games in Manhattan's Madison Square Garden last week knew just the man to watch. Down there among the "whales" whirling in their 7-ft. circle and heaving the 16-lb., leather-covered shot, Air Force Lieutenant Parry O'Brien showed a style all his own. The hefty (6 ft. 3 in., 235 lbs.) Californian turned his back to the toeboard, spun completely around before he put the shot with explosive energy. The results were astonishing: 57 ft. 11 1/2 in. (good enough to win right from the start), then 59 ft. 4 1/2 in. After a momentary lapse with 58 ft. 8 1/2 in., everything clicked: O'Brien put the shot 59 ft. 9 in., setting a new world's indoor record and giving fair warning of what to expect next fall in Australia.

Only after Parry finished did the track-wise crowd get a chance to settle down. The games expanded into the organized confusion of all indoor track meets. The pole vault had started, but no one would bother watching until the bar passed 14 feet. Tobacco smoke gathered over the tight oval of the banked-board track while sweat-suited runners in their warm-ups jogged endlessly toward nowhere. Hurdlers twisted into weird calisthenics all over the infield. Here and there some exhibitionist dropped into a handstand, presumably to loosen his legs. Hordes of officials in boiled shirts hardly had room to get out of their own way.

Now and then, long-legged runners, stripped to their skivvies, lined up across

the boards. The starter's gun cracked. Flying spikes and wide-swinged elbows jammed up on the turns. But even before the winners' times were announced, the warmup boys were back on the track like late starters in the race just finished.

Sections of the track were periodically removed so that dashmen and hurdlers would have a clear lane to their finish line. High jumpers rolled over the bar. Seconds after they started, handicap relays were too confused for the casual fan; runners were spread out over the track. And through it all, pole vaulters kept on jumping, and a proud, tuxedoed official rode high in the basket of a finger lift to replace the bar when someone missed.

Happily, long years of practice have made the dedicated track fan proof against the distracting discord on the floor. Somehow he can spot his favorite in the welter of colored sweat suits. Last week Parry O'Brien was not the only record breaker he had to watch.

¶ Villanova's unbeaten junior, Charley Jenkins, sprinted to a world's indoor record for the 500-yr. run (56.4 sec.).

¶ North Carolina College's crack hurdler, Lee Calhoun, matched the indoor 60-yr. high-hurdle mark with 7.1 sec.

¶ Bob Barksdale, Morgan State high jumper, cleared the bar at 6 ft. 9 in. to break a 22-year-old meet record.

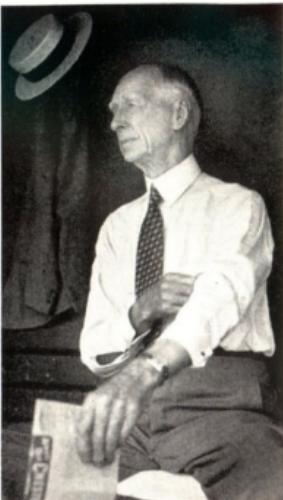
Mr. Baseball

Robert E. Lee had just won a great victory at Fredericksburg when Cornelius McGillicuddy was born at East Brookfield, Mass., on Dec. 23, 1862. Soon after President Garfield was assassinated on July 2, 1881, Cornelius was beginning to be called Connie Mack, a name that fit handily into a baseball box score. Young Connie was a catcher—one of the young game's best. He was in Pittsburgh as manager of the Pirates when Coxey's Army marched on Washington in 1894; he was manager of Milwaukee in the Western League when Dewey took Manila in 1898. And when MacArthur landed at Inchon in 1900, Mr. Mack was still at the ballpark. He was 87, and he had been manager of the Philadelphia Athletics for half a century.

It was an accomplishment simply to have lasted through the roughneck growth of baseball into its age of respectability and glory. But Connie Mack did more than survive: he changed the game.

Behind the Plate. As a string-straight teen-ager refugee from a shoe factory, Connie learned his trade in a day when pitchers lobbed the ball underhand and catchers grabbed it on the first bounce some 15 ft. back of the plate. It was all too soft for Connie. His only equipment a fingerless kid glove, Connie walked out to the mound one day and told his pitcher to fire the ball overhand. The unexpected stunt almost started a riot among the fans, but the style stuck.

Then Connie moved up right behind the



Robert W. Kelley—Life

CONNIE MACK IN THE DUGOUT
The past passed.

batter. That close, he could not resist the temptation to tip bats and trip batters. A good catcher but not a great one, he was tricky and tough enough to move up through the bush leagues into the big time. In that era of fierce competition and low salaries (he got \$200 a month in 1886), Connie jumped from the solidly entrenched National League to the short-lived Brotherhood, then to the Pittsburgh Nationals, where he played until 1893, when a broken ankle sent him on to an unparalleled career as manager.

At the turn of the century, when his old friend Ban Johnson decided to take a crack at the majors, Connie gladly took on the job of organizing a competitor for the Philadelphia Nationals. Ruthlessly raiding the opposition, Connie signed up such great stars as Nap Lajoie and Lave Cross. By 1902 he had an American League pennant contender in the Philadelphia Athletics. Then the Pennsylvania Supreme Court barred all the league jumpers from playing for him. Connie was probably the only man who did not believe the A's were through. He remembered a hard-drinking, eccentric southpaw pitcher named Rube Waddell, then dividing his time between baseball and bottle-biting in California. With Rube's help, Connie whipped the league.

That was the first of nine pennants. By 1914 Connie's A's had won three World Series; his "\$100,000 infield" (Stuffy McInnis at first, Eddie Collins at second, Jack Barry at short and Home Run Baker at third) was the pride of baseball. Then the A's were humiliated in a 4-0 series with the Boston Braves. Furiou, Connie broke up his team, traded his high-priced players for cash. Philadelphia



United Press

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finished with one foot in the cellar for seven consecutive seasons.

Business on the Field. Any other manager would have been fired. Connie owned his team. So he hung on, scouted for rookies, traded shrewdly for established stars. Neatly garbed in a business suit, he was a part of every ball game in Shibe Park. The A's might lose, but it was worth the price of admission to watch Mr. Mack wigwagging signals to his outfit with a rolled-up score card, a bath towel around his thin neck, his famous straw hat hanging near by.

In an often rowdy business "Mr. Mack," as his players called him, remained a gentleman. Rumor had it that his harshest expletive was a mild "Goodness gracious!" In fact, he could spit out an angry "Darn!" when occasion demanded, and he could stand up verbally to the toughest man on his team. Somehow, his excited love for baseball never suffocated under the tall, stiff collars he wore long after they went out of style.

In the late '20s, with a team that included such superlative players as Al Simmons, Lefty Grove, Jimmy Foxx and Mickey Cochrane, Mr. Mack worked his way back toward the top. In '29, '30 and '31 he won his last three pennants. This time the Depression forced him to break up his team. Not until 1948 did the hapless A's get back in the first division. By then, even Mr. Mack's players paid less and less attention to his frantic score-card signals; Al Simmons called most of the plays from his third-base coaching box. Still Mr. Mack hung on. "If I quit," he said, "I'd die in two weeks."

He quit in 1950 and lived on. Proudly, he counted his five great-grandchildren, but most of his friends were gone; he had passed through the dreary years when an old man watches his world die around him. Last year even the Athletics left him; their franchise moved to Kansas City. Sick at heart from the bickering that marked the sale of his team, laid up with a broken hip, his mind drifting steadily toward the past, the old gentleman was still Mr. Baseball. Even young men who had never seen Connie Mack on the field understood how much had passed when he died in his sleep last week at 93.

Scoreboard

¶ Only two weeks after he fired Coach Johnny Cherberg, a move that made public the scandalous state of football at the University of Washington (TIME, Feb. 13), Athletic Director Harvey Cassill resigned. Indignant Seattle sport fans regarded Cassill's departure as only a start toward cleaning up the mess.

¶ Running on grass at Auckland, New Zealander Murray Halberg, 22, set an unofficial turf-track mile record of 4:01.8, a performance that suggested he is ready to crack the four-minute barrier with the right kind of competition on cinders.

¶ In a lonesome race with the clock at Velsen, Holland, Swimmer Atie Voorbij, 15, broke her world's record for the 100-meter butterfly by 1.2 seconds, splashed the distance in a phenomenal 1:11.9.



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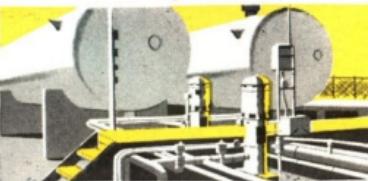


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ADOLPH GOTTLIEB

ADOLPH GOTTLIEB'S "BLUE AT NOON" (1955)

ART

The Wild Ones

Advance-guard painting in America is hell-bent for outer space. It has rocketed right out of the realms of common sense and common experience. That does not necessarily make it bad. But it does leave the vast bulk of onlookers earthbound, with mouths agape and eyes reflecting a mixture of puzzlement, vexation, contempt. A cursory study of advance-guard painting gives rise to the conclusion that it consists, like the Mock Turtle's arithmetic, of "Ambition, Distraction, Uglification and Derision." It is wild, woolly, willful. But nothing has only one side, and negatives cannot sum up America's newest painting. A good deal can be said for its positive qualities, once they have been set in the context of modern art history.

Turning the Mirror. The young pioneers reproduced on the following pages took their lead from such European moderns as Kandinsky, Picasso and Paul Klee, and from a slightly less exalted group—Fernand Léger, Jacques Lipschitz, Piet Mondrian, André Masson—who sat out World War II in New York. All brought essentially the same promise: instead of holding a mirror up to nature, art could mirror the inner world of the artist himself. The methods for doing this—abstraction and distortion—were as old as doddering modern art itself (*i.e.*, almost a century), and had already been explored by older native sons from Arthur Dove to Stuart Davis (*TIME*, Feb. 13).

The bright young proconsuls of the advance guard, Jackson Pollock and Willem de Kooning, added to this pattern of

approach a breathtaking fervency and single-mindedness. Following Clausewitz' formula for successful military attack, they concentrated all the forces they could muster on the smallest possible problem: to express what they happened to be feeling in the process of painting. The results were huge canvases excitedly smeared, spattered, daubed, dribbled and gobbed with color in the shape of freewheeling overall designs, as if the artists had been playing with paints and got carried away. They were not as formless and unconsciously as the quick glance suggests, however, and they aimed for styles coherent at least to the stylists.

The Pollock-De Kooning breakthrough soon found a following, and a label: abstract expressionism. Like most labels, this one has proved inadequate. It is used loosely to suggest merely the expression of strong feeling without any reference to objective reality. Young idealists in search of an ideal, and middle-aged casuists in search of a cause, alike sprang to the defense of abstract expressionism almost before it began to be attacked. And it was attacked, inevitably, for to believers in the classical concepts of beauty and truth to nature, it was an insult. This gave the advance guard a stimulating sense of unity and a debilitating sense of being persecuted, both of which it might otherwise have lacked.

Martyrs, Inc. The persecution complex that darkens, like a private rain cloud, the brows of most abstract expressionists can only be called subjective. On an objective level, the leaders of the movement have done quite well. The painters are sur-

rounded by adoring disciples. Their works have been showed and admired in a dozen American cities and also in London, Paris and Venice. The works of the eight painters on these pages hang in excellent Manhattan galleries, and more than 100 of them have been bought by museums at four-figure prices.

Abstract expressionism does not mean Easy Street to the artist, but neither does it mean martyrdom, unless the martyrdom is of the sort that Painter Mark Rothko bemoans. Rothko for a while was one of a group who carried privacy to the extreme of refusing to let their paintings be seen: even now he considers it "a risky act" to send a painting "out into the world. How often it must be impaired by the eyes of the unfeeling and the cruelty of the impotent who would extend their affliction universally!"

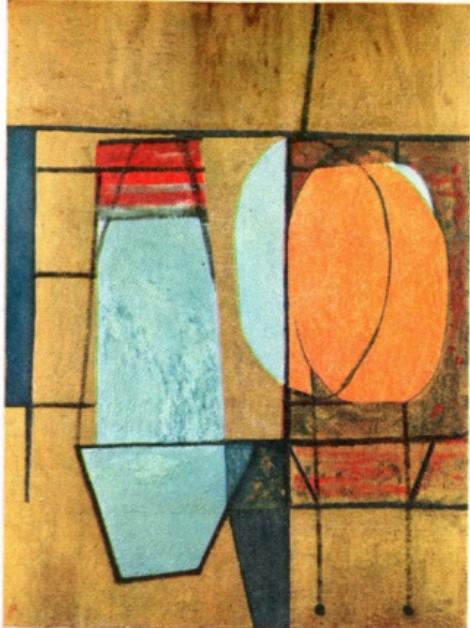
The advance guard is advancing in a number of different directions at once, and swiftly outrunning the abstract-expressionist formula. The variety of the paintings shown here—from De Kooning's gusto to Guston's coolness—is in itself a strong indication of the movement's vitality. And even the uncaring observer will somehow prefer one picture to another, which proves that they do project certain qualities—whether ugly or beautiful. None is a mere nothing.

Jack the Dripper. Adolph Gottlieb's *Blue at Noon*, for example, conveys a strong sense of light and dark skies and of lifting movement. Looking at it is rather

JACKSON POLLOCK'S "SCENT" (1955) →

SIDNEY JANIS GALLERY





"WESTERN AIR"

Robert Motherwell, who at 41 is an intellectual leader of the abstract expressionists, finished this dry, decorative canvas in 1947. Its straight lines and geometric figures give picture a still-life repose against an airy, sunlit background.



"GARDEN IN SOCHI"

Arshile Gorky painted this playful abstraction (derived from Picasso and Miro) of a Black Sea resort in 1941. After his suicide seven years later, he came to be called a father of abstract expressionism.





"GOTHAM NEWS"

Willem de Kooning, 51, the most vehement painter at large, created this gaudy clash of color and erratic shapes last year. Title derives from newsprint (left and top center) which came off on paint while he was blotting part of his canvas with tabloid. (Gotham is Chicagoese for New York.)

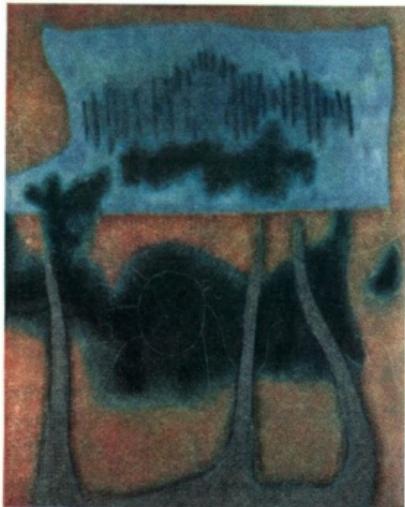
"SUMMER"

Philip Guston, 43, has trouble finding titles for his pictures, decided on *Summer* for this one because he happened to paint it in the summer of 1954. Milder than Claude Monet, Guston might best be described as an abstract impressionist.



SIDNEY JANIS GALLERY

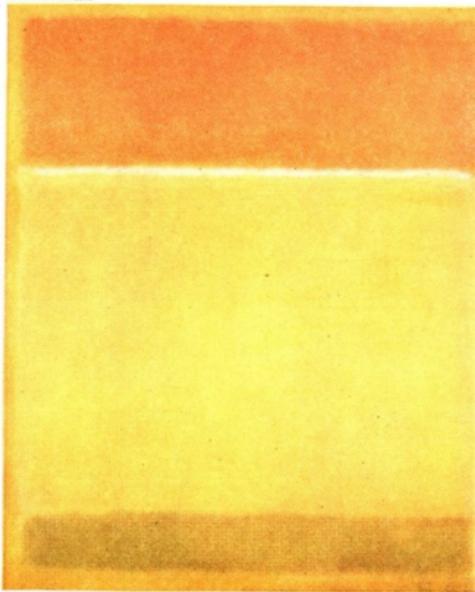
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART



"POMPEII"

William Baziotes, 43, paints abstractions that are symbolic rather than expressionist. Describing *Pompeii*, he says: "The large, grey, spiked form rising from the bottom of the picture is to me the symbol of death and ruin."

SIDNEY JANIS GALLERY



"ORANGE OVER YELLOW"

Mark Rothko, 52, paints very big pictures of very little. This characteristic layer-cake canvas is more than 6 ft. high, looks something like a window on an odd sunset. "I'm not interested in color," Rothko insists. "It's light I'm after."

like watching a snowstorm through a window-pane and remembering Thomas Nash's line: "Brightness falls from the air." Jackson Pollock's *Scent* is a heady specimen of what one worshiper calls his "personalized skywriting." More the product of brushwork than of Pollock's famed drip technique, it nevertheless aims to remind the observer of nothing except previous Pollocks, and quite succeeds in that modest design. All it says, in effect, is that Jack the Dripper, 44, still stands on his work.

Robert Motherwell's *Western Air* is cubism smashed flat and with a couple of sky-holes poked through it. It demonstrates how abstract expressionism can make violent use of yesterday's art furniture. Arshile Gorky's *Garden in Sochi* uses Miro-like amoeba shapes to express an infant memory.

Tricks & Skids. Willem de Kooning's *Gotham News* uses just about every trick in painting, except illusion, to create excitement. It is juicy à la Ruhens, gaudy à la Delacroix, emphatic à la Vlaminck—and utterly ambiguous. Being too agitated for the purposes of either decoration or contemplation, De Kooning's canvas reaffirms the abstract-expressionist credo that the very effort of painting is what paintings should be about. The observer's glance is led to skid here and there in the calculated mess like brush strokes; looking at the picture is supposed to re-create the painting process.

With Guston's *Summer, 1954*, abstract expressionism becomes its own opposite: abstract impressionism. Guston, who once had a high reputation for academic art, does not think of his later paintings as pictures at all. Says he, "They are myself." In order to put himself into his canvases, Guston makes them close to his own size. For such self-consciously personal work, the results look strangely like blowups of Claude Monet's water-lily impressions.

William Baziotes' *Pompeii* is also a sophisticated vision rather than an outpouring of feeling: he saw something like it in his mind's eye. Ruffled, testy Mark Rothko produces pictures as smooth and calm as a cup of cambric tea. His *Orange Over Yellow* might make a handsome background for something, but this is not what he intended, any more than the makers of the medieval tapestries meant merely to adorn palaces. It seems highly doubtful that such art as Rothko's will some day seem as meaningful as the tapestries, yet it is possible. Such paintings may be as little as mere decoration or they may be as much as glimpses of a spiritual world awaiting an observer's ability to see them as such. It depends greatly on the sympathy of the observer.

Sympathy, in fact, is something the new advance guard demands. Far from wishing to needle the bourgeoisie, as did the School-of-Paris moderns half a century ago, the young pioneers of American painting crave appreciation. When it is not forthcoming, some of them sulk and some shrug. But none of them seems to laugh. "To refashion the fashioned, lest

HANS NAMUTH



POLLOCK

RUDOLPH BURKHARDT



WALTER DARA



GOTTLIEB

HANS NAMUTH



MOTHERWELL

CHARLES DOUGHERTY



GUSTON

MARTHA HOLMES



BAZIOTES

HENRY ELKAN



ROTHKO

it stiffen into iron, means an endless vital activity," they argue with Goethe. They solemnly reiterate that since impressionism, cubism and abstractionism have proved meaningful over the years, abstract expressionism will, too. And curiously enough, this wishful argument-by-analogy does cow some critics and win over others.

Academy of the Left. Among those who have kept their sense of balance and humor in criticizing the advance guard is Worcester Art Museum Director Francis Henry Taylor. In his role of judge, the critic must, like any judge, rely very largely upon precedent, as Taylor does when he complains that the advance guard has ceased to communicate with ordinary men. "Not until the second quarter of the 20th century," he points out, "was the essential communicability of art ever denied . . . The one and only quality denied to a work of art throughout the ages is privacy. Unless participation is allowed the spectator, it becomes a hopeless riddle and ceases to be any work of art at all . . . What the new Academy of the Left has yet to realize is that in their fanatic zeal they have not achieved freedom of movement for the modern artist. They have merely substituted the rubber girdle for the whalebone corset."

But the advance guard has some equally distinguished champions, notably Guggenheim Museum Director James Johnson Sweeney. Instead of passing judgment, Sweeney holds, the critic should try to "draw the attention of the public to something he has found worthy of attention and enjoyable—and to tempt the public also to enjoy it. He has to be humble in his approach if he is to get the most from his observation of art's constantly changing face."

The Urge to Resist. Sweeney's viewpoint is a healthy reminder that man's natural resistance to new art forms tends to get in the way of appreciation. Sweeney's own enthusiasm for advance-guard painting leads him to argue that it is, in the best sense, conservative. Recognizable objects, he says, are only the surface of painting, mere vocabulary. Abstract composition is the basis of all painting—the syntax. Therefore, the young American pioneers are blazing a trail back to fundamentals. Since grammar is not poetry, that would seem to leave Taylor's basic question of communication up in the air. But Sweeney maintains that the prime function of art is simply "the communication of a sense of ordered parts within an all-embracing unity."

Despite their differences, Sweeney and Taylor agree in looking for both form and content in a work of art. Yet they point up the Form v. Content debate that has split contemporary painting down the middle. The Academy of the Left stands for form alone; the Academy of the Right stands for content alone. The layman can best refresh his eyes by turning to the great masters, who stood for both at once, and hope that art may once again grow meaningful and whole.

THE PRESS

Dilemma in Dixie

Throughout the South virtually every front page last week told the news of 26-year-old Autherine Lucy's fight to become the first Negro to enter the University of Alabama (see EDUCATION). Yet, like other desegregation news that has crowded its way increasingly into the Southern press since the Supreme Court decision, it got there almost against the will of most editors. Southern newspapers—with scattered exceptions—are doing a patchy, pussyfooting job of covering the region's biggest running story since the end of slavery.

The Other Side. The measure of the Southern press was taken last week by Jere Moore, editor of Georgia's Milledgeville weekly *Union Recorder*, who once

town dailies in the South to send their own staffers to Tuscaloosa to cover the story. Sometimes papers lean on the wire services for racial news even in their own areas. When one major daily recently got tips of forthcoming antisegregation statements by religious leaders, it passed the word along quietly to a wire service instead of going after the story itself.

The press associations do an even-handed job of straight reporting, but in the rush to meet deadlines with fast-breaking news, they give only bits and pieces of the whole story. Inevitably, they put the accent on spot news of conflict. Without any further effort to see the integration problem whole, so do most Southern papers. Says Editor Ralph McGill of the Atlanta *Constitution*, which does one of the South's best jobs: "Most newspapers seem to have forgotten that there is another side to the story, that Texas is going ahead with integration, that Arkansas is quiet, that North Carolina is quiet, that Tennessee is quiet, that southern Missouri, which is very Southern in attitude, is going with integration."

The Diehards. At its worst, notably in Mississippi, the Southern press is full of slanting, suppression and rabble-rousing against integration. The most violent is the Jackson, Miss. *Daily News* (circ. 38,813), whose ripsnorting old (78) Editor Fred Sullens incites readers against "mongrelization" under such front-page scare-lines as "YOU ARE FOR US OR AGAINST US." The best that Editor Sullens could say of the Negro was in a sentimental story on the funeral of an 83-year-old onetime janitor at the University of Mississippi; the paper started a scholarship fund in his name, and sang his praises as "a good Negro who knew his place."

Such papers as Sullens' *Daily News* now run more Negro crime news under bigger headlines than ever before—even when it means going as far afield as Chicago. They spike occasional wire stories that show integration working, e.g., a recent A.P. dispatch about the acceptance of three Negroes at the University of North Carolina. They print and re-print testimonials by Negroes who say that they prefer segregation and ignore Negro leaders on the other side, except to quote them out of context to make them sound like wild radicals.

Against this strident tone a new Jackson daily, the *State Times* (TIME, March 7), tried to sound a more moderate note on racial issues. When the paper started about a year ago, Editor Norman Bradley, an alumnus of the liberal Chattanooga *Times*, played desegregation news calmly, sometimes chided the state for abuses and injustices committed in the name of segregation. But the paper's directors opposed his policy, and he quit in December to return to the *Chattanooga Times* as its executive editor. Since he left, the *State Times* has been tugging almost as hard as Sullens to hold back the hands of the clock.

The Southern Case. More dignified than the extremists is another group of stalwart prosegregation papers typified by the Charleston, S.C. *News & Courier* (circ. 53,286). It occasionally offends rabid racists by printing constructive news of the Negro community, and its editor, Thomas R. Waring, appeared in *Harper's Magazine* gently pleading "The Southern Case Against Desegregation."

But Editor Waring makes the case for his own readers with harsher strokes. He plays up news of muggings in Harlem and race riots in Chicago to support a recurrent editorial theme: look what happens where you have integration. In his editorial last week calling the Lucy uproar the result of "apeasement of colored people," his strongest word for the rioters was "impolite."

But the Southern press, up against tough and delicate problems, also has its shining examples of courage and fairness



THOMAS R. WARING
Gentle abroad, harsh at home.

rounded the Ku Klux Klan in a local battle. Said Moore: "The newspapers of the South have failed to take the leadership demanded of them in this issue. They have been weak-kneed when they should have been strong. We have not tackled the issue."

Privately, many Southern journalists are far more enlightened than their fellow citizens on the segregation issue, but professionally they are hamstrung by front-office pressure and fear of community wrath. Others are too tied up in their own emotional knots to do justice to the problem. They have struck an uneasy balance between their jobs as newsmen and what they feel is their duty as Southerners.

Most Southern news executives have adopted a buck-passing rule of thumb: When in doubt about a racial story, use the press-association copy. For example, in the Autherine Lucy riots, papers in nearby Birmingham were the only out-of-



John Zimmerman

RALPH MCGILL
Somewhat quiet on the Southern front.

handling its No. 1 story. In Tuscaloosa, from offices less than two miles from the University of Alabama, Editor Buford Boone of the *News* (circ. 60,168) topped off thorough coverage of the Lucy story with a hard-hitting editorial: "The university administration and trustees have knuckled under to the pressures and desires of a mob . . . We have a breakdown of law and order and abject surrender to what is expedient . . ." The Montgomery, Ala. *Advertiser* (circ. 60,144), which sees no integration possible in the Deep South in the foreseeable future, nonetheless has given full coverage to the Negro boycott of Montgomery buses (TIME, Jan. 16). It has devoted columns to interviews with leaders of the boycott, also ran a story showing that the first-come, first-seated policy demanded by the Negroes was already working in many Southern cities, including some in Alabama.

In Texas the only major dailies to take a



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JOHNS-MANVILLE

flat stand for integration and the Supreme Court decision are the locally owned and jointly run San Antonio *Express* and *News* (circ. 141,734). Tommie Call, editor of the *News* editorial page, won first place in the 1955 annual editorial awards of the Texas Associated Press Managing Editors Association for a piece urging complete compliance with the Supreme Court decision. The *Express* and *News* have run stories with picture strips on the success of interracial policy in the city's Roman Catholic high schools, also campaigned for integration with front-page cartoons and youth panels.

"It was our feeling [that] any area trying to combat integration would be making trouble for itself and worsening race relations," says Call. "We went into it blind. We had no way of knowing what



Jerry P. Keith

FRED SULLENS
A dead Negro was a good Negro.

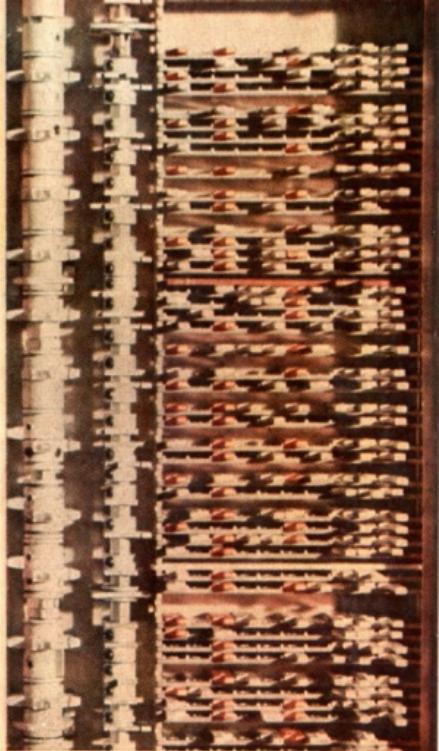
public reaction would be. We were pleasantly surprised at the almost complete lack of opposition."

Well-played stories of how integration succeeded in local schools have also distinguished the coverage of the Nashville *Tennessean* (circ. 113,439) and *Banner* (circ. 91,262).

Old Habits. Southern editors who try to call their shots as they see them must develop thick skins. Notable example: Hodding Carter, whose Greenville *Delta Democrat-Times* (circ. 11,980) delivers courageous coverage in the midst of hostile Mississippi. "We print anything about the controversy locally, regionally or nationally that we can get our hands on," says Editor Carter. Mrs. Carter often gets threatening telephone messages for "that damned nigger-lover husband of yours."

Actually, many Southern newsmen took it for granted that their papers would soft-pedal such an emotionally explosive issue. But the surprise is that so many editors are now willing to stick their necks out. It is only about ten years since

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STOCKS AND BONDS

The Fascinating Financial Story
of MINUTE MAID

newspapers in the South began in any numbers to break such old habits as depicting the Negro only as a criminal or a minstrel end man, and learning such new ones as calling him "Mr." — a practice still far from universal. Only in the same short period have Southern papers started to drop the tag "Negro" in stories unless it is pertinent, and to run more news of the Negro engaged in constructive activity. However, such news has been curtailed since the segregation battle flared.

Even where Negro news appears, it is usually lumped together in "Jim Crow" columns, a separate page or edition. Few Southern papers have desegregated their own columns to permit items about Negroes to appear anywhere in the paper.

Against that background even anti-segregation newsmen feel that any great improvement in the coverage of integration will come just as gradually as integration itself. Says Colbert ("Pete") McKnight, editor of the Charlotte, N.C. *Observer*, one of the region's most conscientious dailies: "Northern editors try to oversimplify our problem. It just cannot be done. It will be at least a decade before many changes take place in Southern journalism."

The *Trib* in Moscow

The Chicago *Tribune*, which has never based one of its own men in Moscow, got around last week to setting up diplomatic relations. Off to cover Russia went William Moore, 55, a *Trib* veteran of nearly two decades' service, but not before the *Trib* squared the trip with its readers. Explained an editorial: "The *Tribune's* reason [for not staffing Moscow] has been simple. We did not think it worthwhile to subject one of our people to capricious despotism merely to make him a vehicle of Russian propaganda. Now the Russians say that they welcome correspondents and will not interfere with their filing of objective dispatches. We are willing to find out whether they mean it . . . If [Moore] finds that censorship or restrictions on his movements compel him to send doctored news or propaganda, he will come home."

Defender on the Offense

The desegregation battle (see above) has given Negro publications a shot in the arm. But the long-term circulation trend has been going against them as Negroes win a surer place in U.S. society and switch to general-interest papers and magazines (TIME, Nov. 7). Last week, taking the hint, Chicago's 50-year-old weekly *Defender* (circ. 50,000) turned itself into a daily tabloid with a strong typographical resemblance to New York's *Daily News* and contents designed to compete with other Chicago dailies. The only Negro daily in the North, and the second in the U.S. (after Atlanta's *World*), the *Defender* still concentrates heavily on Negro news. But, for the first time, it is running such features as an I.N.S. summary of world news, Columnists Robert Spivack and Bennett Cerf, a crossword puzzle and six comics, e.g., *Henry, Dandy Duck*.

JOHN M. FOX had a contract with the United States Army — a contract for 500,000 pounds of flavorsome orange powder — a contract that was the basis of the first stock issue sold by Minute Maid to a few professional investors. Immediately after the stock was sold the atomic bomb fell on Hiroshima. The end of World War II was in sight, and the contract — the only sales order John Fox had — was cancelled.

That was the inauspicious birth of Minute Maid Corporation.

John Fox replaced the U.S. Army order with others for orange juice concentrate from hotels, hospitals, airlines — and from the housewives of America.

In 1948 Bing Crosby bought 20,000 shares of Minute Maid common stock, and the best-known voice in the world started to sing in praise of Minute Maid Fresh-Frozen Orange Juices five times a week on radio.

Sales started to zoom and now the management of Minute Maid had another problem: They were selling more orange concentrate than their plants could produce. Investment dollars were needed to expand capacity.

John Fox talked to a partner of Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis, an investment firm that sells securities to the general public on a national scale through its 40 coast-to-coast offices.

Frozen orange juice was now more than an idea, more than a laboratory experiment, and Minute Maid Corporation had more than a single sales order. It was a going business, possessed a field-perfected process, was staffed by an energetic team of young, able executives — Minute Maid showed all the signs of profitable future growth.

On this and on two subsequent occasions, Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis, along with White, Weld & Co., and other investment firms and dealers, supplied Minute Maid with new capital:

First — More than \$3 million



PRESIDENT FOX OF MINUTE MAID

through the sale of 120,000 shares of convertible preferred stock.

Second — When management decided that Minute Maid should own orange groves — another \$3 million plus through the sale of 280,000 shares of common stock.

Third — When Minute Maid needed additional working capital following its acquisition of Snow Crop frozen foods — more than \$6 million through the sale of 400,000 shares of common stock.

Today the Minute Maid Corporation is the largest grower of oranges in the world. Today Minute Maid produces not only fresh-frozen orange juice and other fruit juices, but also under the Snow Crop label, a wide variety of frozen fruits, vegetables, fish, poultry, etc. In fiscal 1955 — only 10 years since Minute Maid was founded — sales exceeded \$100 million.

Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis may be able to help your company secure new capital. If you'd like more information about the underwriting experience and service of Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis, visit or telephone any of our 40 offices, or write David J. Lewis, partner, at our New York office, 25 Broad St., New York 4, N.Y. We'll be happy to give you a copy of our booklet, "Selling Large Blocks of Securities."



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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS Weather Clear, Sky Bright

Wearing a dark suit and a cautious smile, Federal Reserve Board Chairman William McChesney Martin went before a joint congressional committee last week to testify on the state of the U.S. economy. After Martin explained how the FRB was "feeling its way" in the current credit situation, neither easing nor tightening credit, Illinois' Democratic Senator Paul Douglas tried some specific questions:

DOUGLAS: Do you have any worries about the automobile industry?

MARTIN: Yes, I am worried all the time about the automobile industry.

DOUGLAS: Do you have any worries about the farm-machine industry?

MARTIN: I have indeed.

DOUGLAS: Do you have any worries about the building industry?

MARTIN: I have indeed. I am a professional worrier.

But looking at the U.S. last week, not even FRB's Martin could be seriously worried over the economy's health. Though the January employment report showed a 1,300,000 seasonal job slide since December, the total of 62,000,000 employed was still 2,700,000 better than January 1955. Construction for January was also down from December, but 1% ahead of 1955. January retail sales slipped \$3.3 billion from December; even so, the figures were 6% better than the same month in 1955.

Aside from the scattered clouds over Detroit, the U.S. economic climate continued fair and warm. The steel industry clipped along at 99.1% of rated capacity in January, turned out 10.8 million net tons of steel for an all-time record. Incoming orders still outpaced production, were



International

CREDIT BOSS MARTIN
Full of worry.

backed up more than three months at some mills. As businessmen continued to expand, business loans increased \$44 million to a total of \$25.6 billion in the week ending Feb. 1.

As for the automakers, the recent cutbacks did not prevent them from turning out their 1,000,000th new motor vehicle of 1956 this week, only three days behind the 1955 pace. At Chrysler President Lester Lum ("Tex") Colbert announced that in Chrysler's 1955 comeback net sales totaled \$3.5 billion, 67% better than 1954, with earnings of \$100 million, more than 400% better than 1954. Said Colbert: "1956 will be highly competitive, but we believe it will be a good market."

GOVERNMENT

Friendly Warning

Trustbuster Stanley N. Barnes last week delivered a friendly warning to the auto industry. Said Barnes in a speech before the Manhattan convention of the National Wholesale Dry Goods Association: "An undue concentration is becoming more and more sharply recognizable in the automobile industry, and if it continues, [it] will require action of some kind to solve." His biggest objection: the Big Three last year accounted for 95.7% of auto sales v. 94.4% in 1954. While General Motors kept a 30.3% share of the market, Chrysler boosted its share from 12.0% to 17.1%—"at the expense of Ford and not General Motors."

Barnes did not say how much of the business Ford, Chrysler, or G.M. has a right to expect, or just how the Government could try to regulate their shares. Commented the *Wall Street Journal*: "We doubt very much if Mr. Barnes will ever



International

TRUSTBUSTER BARNES
Full of action.

be able to set any such figures, for the fact of the matter is that they are set by the public . . . There is no law we know of which allows a Government agency to force people to buy a car different from the one they want."

Trustbuster Barnes last week solved a problem that had been worrying him in another big industry. Hotelman Conrad Hilton, whose growing empire (25 U.S. hotels, three more overseas with another five abuilding) now stretches halfway around the world, signed a consent decree formally ending the antitrust suit filed against Hilton last April after he acquired the Statler Hotel chain. Hilton agreed to sell two hotels (probably Washington's Mayflower, Manhattan's Roosevelt or New Yorker) in addition to the two (Los Angeles' Town House, St. Louis' Jefferson) he has already sold. Hilton also promised not to buy any more hotels in these four cities before 1961 without first checking with the Justice Department.

RAILROADS

Bid for the North Western

A rambunctious newcomer among Midwest railroaders is Chicago Lawyer Ben W. Heineman, 42. Less than two years ago he won a proxy fight for control of the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway, has since boosted earnings per share 14% to \$2.35. He is also trying to outbid the Santa Fe and the Pennsylvania for little Toledo, Peoria & Western Railroad, a main bypass around Chicago for transcontinental freight. Last week Heineman announced that he is after a much bigger prize: the long (7,870 miles) and long-time ailing Chicago & North Western



Robert H. Johnson
Full of demands.

Railway, which runs from Chicago to Lander, Wyo.

The North Western has paid no dividends on its common stock since 1950, and recently lost to the Milwaukee road its 66-year-old agreement with Union Pacific to bring transcontinental passenger trains into Chicago from Omaha. While most railroads turned in impressive earnings records last year, the North Western did not even make its \$5 preferred dividend. Heineman wants to jack up the management, eventually arrange a merger of North Western and the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific Railroad, save perhaps \$30 million yearly by the consolidation.

In his bid for the North Western, Heineman has a powerful hand. He and his associates already control 465,000 shares in the company, and are buying another 100,000, giving them about one-third of all outstanding stock. Four of his backers,⁹ said Heineman, are "dissatisfied shareholders who came to me on their own initiative." In addition, Heineman said, he could count on 225,000 shares in the name of Bear, Sterns & Co., other investment houses, "and certain of my friends and business associates." Heineman asked the North Western directors for ten seats on the 18-man board, the title of board chairman and chief executive officer, threatened a proxy fight to get control if he is turned down.

Heineman may have a tough time getting control. Because of North Western's staggered system of electing directors, only six come up for election at the annual stockholders' meeting in May. He would have a hard time winning more than four, because the present management can concentrate its votes under the road's cumulative voting system. Most important, Heineman's backers, who have promised to stick behind him in his bid for power, might not stick by him in an all-out proxy fight. Nevertheless, at week's end, the North Western board decided to try to reach a compromise with Heineman.

Minus \$5,000,000

As critical as any caucus of dissatisfied commuters, the new team that last month took over the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad took out last week after ex-President Patrick B. McGinnis, Financial Vice President John P. Rutherford, once a McGinnis man, said that McGinnis had drawn much too pretty a picture of the railroad's net earnings. For the first eleven months of 1955, McGinnis had announced earnings of \$9,275,000. Rutherford drastically cut the figure. His total for the full year came to only

* Portland, Ore. Investment Counselors J. Henry Hesler & Co. (80,000 shares), Chicago Financier Franklin Lyons (60,000 shares), Baltimore Investment Counselor Henry Howard (50,000 shares), Louisville retired Broker Clarence K. Reynolds (50,000 shares).

SHOCK TREATMENT is being tried by federal mediators in the Westinghouse strike. After agreeing on a settlement formula, both sides insisted on so many stipulations that the mediators walked out on the negotiations to drive home the point that the 18-week strike is not the Government's problem; it can be settled only by union and management working for the benefit "of those 55,000 guys pegging around the sidewalks."

SHIPPING SUBSIDIES will be extended to U.S. lines using the St. Lawrence Seaway. To forestall a trade monopoly by foreign-flag freighters, whose costs are lower, the Maritime Administration has designated the seaway an essential trade route, is ready to spend some \$8,000,000 annually to put U.S. shippers in an equal competitive position.

FLYING BUSINESSMEN continue to bring the light-plane industry record sales. In 1955, 4,434 single- and twin-engined planes worth \$91 million were delivered, almost 60% more than in 1954.

PRIVATE BANKERS will take over some of Export-Import Bank's loans. Under a new program designed to release Export-Import Bank funds for new lending, the bank will sell \$4,000,000 worth of 5% notes (of a total \$24 million) owed by Cuba's Cuban Electric Co. to Manufacturers Trust Co. of New York, hopes to line up other private bankers soon.

JET TRANSPORTS are being ordered by two more airlines. T.W.A., last of the major U.S. airlines to sign up for jets, ordered eight Boeing 707s as the start on a 30-plane fleet costing approximately \$135 million, while

\$4,246,000, or 61¢ a share after deductions for sinking funds and preferred dividends. This was less than half 1954's \$9,090,000 (\$5.18 a share).

Looking over the old management's calculations, Rutherford and his finance committee agreed that some of the railroad's cash reserves were too low, accordingly replenished them out of current income. About \$2,200,000, for example, went to fill up the reserve for liability claims. By the time Rutherford and his men had finished editing the McGinnis management's books, they had a total charge against income of \$4,395,000. To this they added a \$634,000 operating loss for the month of December, caused largely by rough weather and aging equipment, then subtracted the whole amount from the previous eleven-month figure.

AUTOS

Answer to Complaints

After a two-day conference with his Dealer Council, General Motors' President Harlow H. Curtice made an announcement calculated to set all 18,500 G.M. dealers cheering. Effective March 1, said Curtice, the company will put into effect some

Delta Airlines signed up for six Douglas DC-8s costing \$28.5 million. Jet box score to date: 111 Douglas DC-8s v. 83 Boeing 707s.

LABOR GOAL for 1956 will be a 35-hour week in at least one big U.S. industry. Merged C.I.O.-A.F.L. has its sights set on the high-flying aircraft industry, thinks that it is in a good position (order backlog of \$13.2 billion, 1955 profits of \$500 million) to give 180,000 plane workers new benefits this spring. First target: Convair, whose contract expires March 31. Asking price: a 35-hour week plus a 10% wage increase.

SOFT COAL COMEBACK will bring as much as a 50¢-a-ton price boost in April, the second such increase in seven months. The boost, owing to increasing demand (up 20% in 1955) and higher costs, will raise soft coal prices to where they were before the 1948 depression.

NUCLEAR DATA for peacetime use will soon be almost 100% declassified. The AEC has already released 50% of the needed data, is currently declassifying another 30%. To help businessmen get the facts they need from the 20% still secret, the AEC has granted "access permits" to 602 companies, is clearing another 60 to 70 monthly. This June it will also set up nuclear libraries across the U.S., will let businessmen use some AEC facilities for their own research.

DYED ORANGES, standard practice for 30 years among Florida growers, will stay that way, at least for another three years. The Food & Drug Administration has agreed to rescind an order banning dyes that make the fruit look appetizing.

sweeping concessions in dealers' contracts.

The biggest concession is in the way G.M. will handle future franchise cancellations. The company is replacing the Dealer Relations Board, composed of top G.M. executives, which was set up in 1938. In its place will sit "an impartial umpire," probably designated by the corporation and the Dealer Council, to hear any dealer whose contract has been cancelled by a G.M. division. The company is also revising its standards for dealer sales performance, will give more weight to special problems in each dealer's territory. Beyond that, G.M. will increase the price discount given dealers on leftover stocks of cars after the annual model changeover, pay more for local dealer advertising, and boost from 30 to 60 days the time limit on returning unwanted new parts to the factory.

Finally, as a frosting on the cake, Curtice announced the first large-scale group life insurance program for U.S. auto dealers. The program, to be financed jointly by the company and G.M. dealers, will call for a \$1 billion fund, provide up to \$100,000 in low-cost life insurance (without a physical examination) for any G.M. dealer under the age of 65.

THE BOOM ABROAD

Is Europe Still Living Beyond Its Means?

FOR Western Europe's factories, 1955 was the biggest postwar year. Production of steel, autos, chemicals, coal products and other goods soared to new records. In its latest report, the European Payments Union, clearinghouse of trade for 17 nations, said that free Europe's combined industrial production index went up from 127 at mid-1954 to 138 at mid-1955. For practically every E.P.U. member the story was the same: gross national product up, wages up, unemployment down. Nevertheless, in the midst of prosperity and plenty, there is one great flaw: Europe is living far beyond its means. It is dragging its feet on the big job of balancing governmental budgets, ending inflation and putting itself on a solid economic footing.

Never has France been so well off. Gross national product was up 6% to \$41.6 billion last year, and unemployment was down to less than 4% of the 2.2 million work force—lowest figure in the Western world. But though Frenchmen earned more than ever before (wages up more than 9% since 1954) and paid record high taxes, the government went \$3 billion deeper into the red. Despite France's \$41.4 million favorable trade balance for 1955's first eleven months, inflated wage and raw-material costs are pricing its industries out of world markets, e.g., shipbuilding costs are 30% higher than Germany's. But the biggest threat of all to the French economy is inflation: last week the franc sank to a new low of 400 to \$1 on the black market v. the legal rate of 350.

Italy also made impressive economic gains last year. Italian shipyards, virtually idle in 1954, now have 400,000 tons of ships on the ways and enough orders to keep them busy for three years. Industrial production, paced by a 22% climb in auto output, helped boost the gross national product to a record \$21 billion, and Italy is whistling away at unemployment. Though taxes are nominally high, collections are poor. Last year Italy tacked another \$550 million deficit onto its \$7 billion national debt. Italy stabilized wholesale prices for a short time in 1955, but the cost of living has been edging up.

A prosperous Britain balanced its domestic budget last year and expects a \$1.2 billion surplus for 1956. Business profits were up; so was employment. Not in the postwar decade has the British wage-earner been better off; he brought home a fat \$18.8 billion wage packet last year, used it to

buy, among other things, 1,335,000 new TV sets. But Britain cannot afford such spending. The gap in its balance of payments is widening dangerously, e.g., last year Britain imported £768 million more than it exported, and its dollar reserves slumped 25% to \$2.1 billion. Only in the last six months has Britain tightened up on credit, but domestic consumption is still too high, exports too low.

Trade deficits, unbalanced budgets and the threat of inflation are also worrying Europe's smaller nations. Sweden is trying to nip inflation with special taxes, but such measures are not enough. With a 10% gain in wages last year, Swedish workers jammed retail stores and created a huge new demand for imported products. As a result, Sweden ran a \$50 million trade deficit last year, twice as much as in 1954. Denmark, on the other hand, held its imports down and boosted exports \$70 million last year, thereby cut its \$200 million trade gap to \$135 million. Yet Denmark is still having trouble. Only a fortnight ago, for example, the retail price index jumped five points to 408.

Germany has built up a dollar reserve of \$1.3 billion, balanced its budget, and expects to bank a \$600 million surplus this year. But its good showing was possible chiefly because of vast grants of U.S. aid, and because Germany spent relatively little for rearmament (see FOREIGN NEWS). In an effort to liberalize foreign trade, Belgium lifted virtually all exchange restrictions on the franc and established a free gold market. But Belgium is having trouble staying within its income, has run up a \$6.2 billion national debt. Gradually, however, Belgium is getting the problem in hand, expects its deficit this year to be \$2.40 million v. \$350 million last year.

The one shining exception to Europe's spendthrift ways is The Netherlands. While the thrifty Dutch enjoy their boom, they are keeping it well in check. Real wages moved up 20% over the last two years. As national production climbed (up 12% last year to \$7 billion), Holland cut taxes twice to step up capital investments and increase production. Not only has Holland dropped import controls on more than 92% of its foreign trade, it has built up a dollar reserve of \$1.3 billion. Despite the heavy burden of war indemnities and flood damage, Holland in six years chopped its national debt 25% to \$5.3 billion. Said one Dutch official proudly: "Our house is in order."

TAXES

Advice from Experts

In a friendly display of good sportsmanship, the Internal Revenue Service last week published a booklet telling the U.S. public how to calculate income taxes at the bare legal minimum. The 25¢ booklet (*Your Federal Income Tax: 1955*) gives advice on almost every problem the average individual taxpayer is likely to face. Samples:

¶ Television quiz prizes are taxable as income, but most prizes awarded for past achievements, e.g., Nobel and Pulitzer Prizes, are not.

¶ Cash donations to the Red Cross are deductible, but the value of blood donated is not. Also nondeductible: donations to a chamber of commerce.

¶ A businessman looking for a new plant site cannot deduct travel expenses from taxable income; such travel is a capital expenditure. But a businessman who travels on U.S. Government work can deduct the entire cost.

¶ Lobbying expenses are not deductible, even though they are a necessary part of a company's program. Nor are expenses "for establishing professional reputation," even if a professional man cannot do business without it.

AVIATION

The Supersonic Centuries

Out from the U.S. Air Force recently went a brief announcement: the U.S. was sending the first North American F-100 Super Sabrejet fighters to units in Europe; three demonstration planes were already overseas, with full squadrons to follow soon. The news caused little splash, yet it was one of the most significant announcements of the jet age. It meant that the whole new breed of radically advanced "century" series jets was coming into service.

Though Californians have watched growing formations of the new planes howling overhead or sitting on airfield ramps, Air Force security is still so tight that comparatively few details have been given out about the new supersonic planes. North American's F-100 is only one of the new jet breed. To date, the U.S. has earmarked some \$6 billion for a complete arsenal of century-series jets which Air Force men like to call the "city-savers."

Under Wraps. As the first of the centuries, North American's F-100 is as great a leap over its F-86 Sabrejet of Korean war fame as the Sabre itself was over World War II's P-51 Mustang. Long and lethal-looking with 45° swept-back wings, the F-100 is the first operational fighter—and fighter bomber—to crack the sound barrier in level flight, broke the official world's record by flying 822 m.p.h. last year. Even then it was under wraps; estimates are that it can top 1,000 m.p.h. with its Pratt & Whitney J-57 engine and afterburner going full blast. The F-100 can fly and fight effectively at 50,000 ft. (10,000 ft. higher than the F-86), and packs an array of 2.75-in. rockets and

radar-sighted 20-mm. cannon which fire so fast a burst sounds like the high toot of a diesel locomotive. Cost of an F-100: \$64,000, nearly three times more than an F-86.

Supersonic stable mates in the century series:

¶ Convair's delta-winged F-102 interceptor (the "Iron Dart"), slated for squadron service soon. Powered by a J-57, the rocket-carrying F-102 weighs as much as a DC-3 transport (25,000 lbs.), can climb to 40,000 ft. in less than five minutes, hit something like 1,000 m.p.h. in level flight at combat altitude.

¶ McDonnell Aircraft's F-101 Voodoo, a big, 45,000-lb., long-range (estimated at 1,500 mi.) bomber-escort which can also be used as an interceptor or fighter-bomber. Scheduled for operational service this year, it is powered by two J-57s, has a ceiling of 50,000 ft. plus. Speed: around 1,100 m.p.h.

¶ Lockheed's F-104, the fastest of the new planes. Pilots call it "a saddle strapped on an engine with a 20-mm. cannon." Pencil-slim, with straight, stubby eight-foot wings, it combines relatively light weight (17,000 lbs.) with a big General Electric J-79 engine. The F-104 will do an estimated Mach 2 (1,320 m.p.h. at 30,000 ft.) in level flight.

¶ Chance Vought's FSU Crusader and Grumman's F11F Tiger, the Navy's newest jets. Both are relatively light, have sharply swept wings and needle-nosed fuselages. The FSU is powered by a Pratt & Whitney J-57, the F11F by a Curtiss-Wright J-65. Speed of the F11F: supersonic in level flight. Speed of the FSU: about 1,050 m.p.h.

Razors & Boosts. To design the new planes, said one planemaker, "we had to use all the skills and sciences developed during the past 2,000 years." Where designers once spent thousands of hours, each century fighter needed millions. North American ticked off 2,000,000 man-hours perfecting its first F-100.

Supersonic flight called for entirely new wings and new controls, developed by working with electronic computers and countless wind-tunnel models. Fuselage design was an even tougher problem. When Convair's F-102 was first designed, the fuselage swept straight back from nose to tail. In the air, the F-102 was beset by mysterious buffeting as it approached the sound barrier. Only after extensive tests did engineers discover the trouble: shock waves were piling up where the wings joined the fuselage.

To eliminate the trouble, the engineers applied the new "area rule" theory of Engineer Richard T. Whitcomb of the Government's National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. In 1951, Engineer Whitcomb discovered in wind-tunnel experiments that the total drag on a plane is not merely the sum of the drag on each of its parts, but varies according to where the parts are located. Convair's F-102 was redesigned with a punched-in "coke bottle" fuselage to smooth the air flow over the critical wing junction. Result: on its first flight, Convair's new



George Silk
NORTH AMERICAN'S F-100



United Press
CHANCE VOUGHT'S F8U



U.S. Air Force
McDONNELL'S F-101



CONVAIR'S F-102



George Skadding—Life
GRUMMAN'S F11F

When they shoot, they toot.

F-102 not only eased through the sound barrier, but flew 100 m.p.h. faster than anyone expected. The area rule, applied to Grumman's F11F and Chance Vought's FSU, helped them both to supersonic speeds.

The Jeweler's Touch. On the century series production lines, workers need a jeweler's touch to fit parts within supersonic tolerances. A single, one-in. hole in a wing can slow a modern jet by as much

as 100 m.p.h. And such skilled manpower is hard to find. Though McDonnell has 14,000 workers at its St. Louis plants, it is still desperately short of skilled manpower. Last week, with new F-101 orders coming in, McDonnell sent out calls for another 1,000 engineers.

In addition, the planes also needed new methods to test them, since they fly in a world where things happen so fast that human reactions are woefully slow. At Edwards Air Force Base in California, all structural parts are first checked out on a Mach 3 (2,880 m.p.h.) rocket sled to make sure that they will stand up under supersonic stresses. When North American's first F-100s developed tail flutter at speeds above Mach 1, engineers grounded all planes, experimented with a tail attached to a rocket sled. They drove the sled until the tail disintegrated, found where it needed improvement. In the old days, it would have taken many test flights—and perhaps some pilots' lives—to lick the problem.

The extraordinary speed and combat capabilities that U.S. planemakers have built into the new century fighters were well summed up by Lockheed's Chief Engineer C. L. Johnson: "Give us a 16-in. shell up there, and we'll outrace it—or shoot it down. Not at all impossible. After all, the velocity of this shell at 35,000 ft. is 300 ft. per second. We can sure go that fast."

BUSINESS ABROAD

Dishes for Kings

In the backwoods Bavarian town of Selb one day last week, white-aproned workmen finished wrapping 3,670 dishes fit for a king. They were the first of four shipments of a 14,680-piece, \$113,000 dinner service for Saudi Arabia's King Saud. The manufacturer: West Germany's Rosenthal, the world's No. 1 porcelain maker.

Red China. King Saud, whose gold-encrusted china is Rosenthal's biggest order since World War II, had joined an illustrious clientele. Rosenthal has made china for the royal houses of Greece, The Netherlands, Rumania and Iran, for Indian maharajas and Ethiopia's Haile Selassie. In 1952 the company turned out a special order of \$8,214,15 worth of crockery for Marshal Tito's wedding. Before Eisenhower left Berlin in 1948, his staff gave him a 130-piece Rosenthal set inscribed with the flaming-sword insignia of SHAFF. Not to be outdone by Western capitalists, Soviet Ambassador Valerian Zorin in Bonn last week ordered an \$800 Rosenthal dinner service—the company's biggest Red China sale since Tito's nuptials.

But crowned heads and commissars account for only a small proportion of the \$0,000,000 pieces that pour each year from Rosenthal's ten plants. In the U.S. alone, Rosenthal estimates, sales in 1955 amounted to nearly \$5,000,000.

He tries to design china to fit the buyer's personality as well as his pocketbook. From the ornate *Sans Souci* ware, originally designed for Frederick the Great, to severe, modern patterns that now make

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up nearly 50% of its production, Rosenthal aims to make good china everyone's dish.

Secret of Success. "The secret of my success," Founder Philip Rosenthal boasted, "is a combination of American merchandising ideas and German craftsmanship." The son of a Westphalian china merchant, Rosenthal ran away to the U.S. at 17, punched cows in Texas, rode horseback mail routes in Colorado, wound up heading the glass and china department of a Detroit department store. In 1879, when he was 24, Rosenthal returned to Germany to buy china. Instead, he bought a castle near Selb, in the heart of North Bavaria's famed porcelain country, and started turning out decorated chinaware. By 1934, when he was banished by the



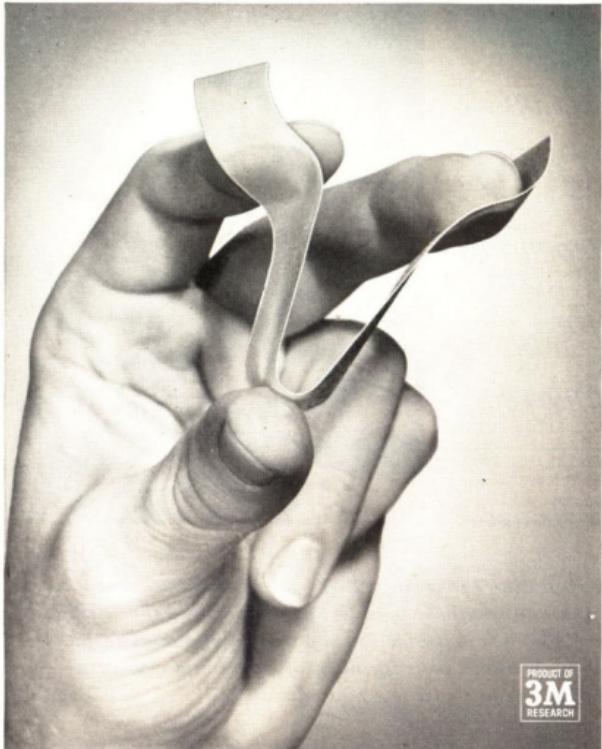
CHINA-MAKER ROSENTHAL & FRIENDS*
For the classes and masses.

Nazis, Rosenthal had 5,000 employees and ten companies.

Since World War II Rosenthal has been run by Philip Jr., 39, who got his M.A. at Oxford, did a stretch in the Foreign Legion, and is an amateur pilot, skier, cross-country runner and sports-car enthusiast. Realizing that the company's designs were outmoded at war's end, young Philip had new lines styled by Europe's top artists—Finland's Tapiio Wirkkala, Germany's Bele Bachem, France's Jean Cocteau. In 1951, when U.S. sales slumped, Rosenthal teamed up with Designer Raymond Loewy to make medium-priced contemporary dinnerware for American tastes. Since then Rosenthal has zoomed from 13th to second place in U.S. sales of imported china.

Time Out For Beer. Like his father, who set up one of Europe's first company-owned kindergartens for employees, Philip Jr. says: "The most precious thing we have is our workers." Since the war, Rosenthal has made its pension plan one of

* Iran's Shah and Queen Soraya.

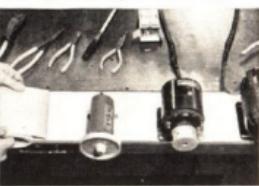


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they enter the hospital. The Plan then pays the hospital directly.

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Low in cost. Blue Cross Plans are not-for-profit. Through efficient operation, every cent paid in, except for modest operating expenses, is set aside to pay for hospital care. Blue Cross Plans are organized in each area by community and hospital leaders. Dues and benefits are adjusted locally to meet local needs and conditions.

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Germany's most liberal, built the German porcelain industry's most advanced clinic for prevention of silicosis, a longtime occupational hazard.

Rosenthal can well afford such benevolence. Stockholders' dividends in 1954 amounted to \$168,483, or 9.5% of par value. Next month, when the second shipment of King Saud's china leaves Selb, Rosenthal workers will take time out for a Stein of Bavarian beer. In the shipment will be the 250 millionth piece of china turned out by Rosenthal since 1945, and the 100 millionth to go overseas.

Dollars for Ireland?

To get its predominantly agricultural economy out of the doldrums, Ireland has long realized that it needs help from the outside. Last week, Deputy Prime Minister William Norton, the Free State Minister of Industry and Commerce, thought he had the answer: tax incen-

tives. Said Norton: "Ireland is prepared to offer new industrial investors concessions, incentives and assistance to an extent that we believe to be the most generous offered by any country."

Norton promised:

- ¶ Repatriation of all profits annually, and in dollars.
- ¶ Duty-free imports of machinery.
- ¶ A 100% tax exemption on mining investments for the first five years.
- ¶ Extra inducements for bringing industry into the western section. Added Norton: "The Irish government will pay for the construction of a new plant in this area, and if an existing structure is used, it will then hand over to the investor as a gift the sum [equivalent] to a new one." So far, added Norton, about half a dozen U.S. prospects—in rayons, textiles, pharmaceuticals, farm machinery, oil refining—have nibbled, plan to go to Ireland for personal surveys.

THE THEATER

O'Neill's Last Play

When Playwright Eugene O'Neill in 1941 inscribed the work to his wife Carlotta, he called it "this play of old sorrow, written in tears and blood." So personal and painful were its harsh, acid scenes that O'Neill withheld publication or performance until after his death. As he lay dying, he asked that the first performance of his last play be given in Sweden, where his popularity was always greater than it was in the U.S. Last week, two years after his death and 15 years after the play's birth, O'Neill's wish was fulfilled. *Long Day's Journey Into Night* had its world première at Stockholm's Royal Dramatic Theater.

Trying Spectacle. King Gustaf VI Adolf, Queen Louise, and a dazzling audience of Sweden's artistic, social and political celebrities, including the whole diplomatic corps, packed the theater. They sat down to witness a trying spectacle, as demanding on the audience as on the cast. *Long Day's* is less a drama than a dramatized autobiography. Its four long acts, all in one grimy set, take 4½ hours to perform. There is no plot, no story, no anecdote, nothing to relieve the dark, brooding atmosphere of tragedy that stretches from early one morning in 1912 to late the same night in the living room of the Tyrone family's summer home.

The Tyrone family does not make a pretty picture. The mother (Inga Tidblad) is a dope fiend. The father is an actor (as O'Neill's father was) and a monumental skinflint. Jamie Tyrone is a wastrel and a drunkard like his father, and Edmund (Jarl Kulle), obviously patterned on O'Neill himself, is a consumptive. These four haunted characters spend their long day's journey into night gnawing at each other. They sit around the living room table drinking, talking, baring their minds, hating each other, yet cemented together in one miserable unit of

family love which survives all the bitterness and pain.

Another Corpse. "None of us can help the things life has done to us," says the mother early in the play. "They're done before you realize it, and once they're done they make you do other things until at last everything comes between you and what you'd like to be, and you've lost your true self forever." The true selves of these complex people have been twisted into and out of shape by life. Edmund thinks Jamie is mad when Jamie says, "The dead part of me hopes you won't get



Sweden's Tidblad & Kulle
Cemented together in misery.



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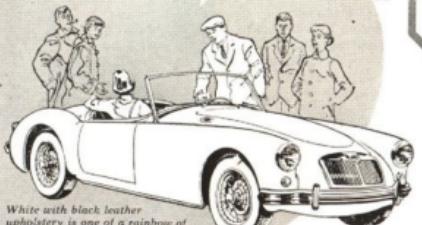


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well." He adds that maybe their father is glad that dope "has got Mama again! He wants company, he doesn't want to be the only corpse around the house!"

As the curtain fell, the audience rose and applauded for almost half an hour, while the cast took more than a dozen curtain calls. Critical reaction ranged from *Svenska Dagbladet's* "One of the most powerful realistic dramas written in this century," to the *Morgan-Tidningen's* "The most gripping picture of hell that has ever been seen in the theater." But one first-nighter grumbled that "Such drawn-out, detailed probing of personalities can only keep the interest of somebody personally involved." Another offered a new title for the O'Neill opus: *Four Acts in Search of a Play*.

New Play in Manhattan

Middle of the Night is TV-and-movie-famed Paddy (Marty) Chayefsky's first Broadway play, and Cinemactor Edward G. Robinson's first Broadway appearance since 1930. The result is disappointing.

The fault is not Robinson's. As Jerry Kingsley, a well-to-do, 53-year-old widower who falls in love with a girl of 24 (Gena Rowlands), Robinson is neither cinematic nor Little-Caesarish. He plays with feeling and skill. Age-conscious to begin with, made brutally aware of the perils of marriage as he proceeds, he is ruefully realistic, but always with an ear cocked for romance. The part comes off; the play does not.

To begin with, Playwright Chayefsky's forte is not the idylls of the Kingsleys but the annals of doggedly ordinary folk. Given a handful of lower-middle or too-recently-upper-middle class people, and he will envelop them in a fine steam bath of banalities, in strong but clogged family feelings. Given a really sharp situation, such as Jerry's family met in a conclave over his possible marriage, and Chayefsky can orchestrate it—and Joshua Logan conduct it—with precise, phonographic humor. But the strong point of the playwright becomes the weak point of the play: the small talk and small talkers seem mere padding that not so much interrupts a vibrant story as substitutes for one.

And a vibrant story is called for, since *Middle of the Night* is less a tale of December and May than of December and March. The stormy, immature, unhappily married heroine is a full-fledged neurotic, so that *Middle of the Night* concerns a problem personality as well as a problem marriage. And for something so complex, Playwright Chayefsky lacks both the capacity and the concentration; his play trades in banalities more pretentious than any it chronicles. It lists characters in the program as The Girl, The Kid Sister, The Manufacturer; it does not list scene changes but flashes them on a movie screen; it inserts needless incidental music. And there is the sudden happy ending—ascrivable, perhaps, to reckless optimism on the lovers' part, but more easily to commercial pessimism on the author's about harsher endings.

now!

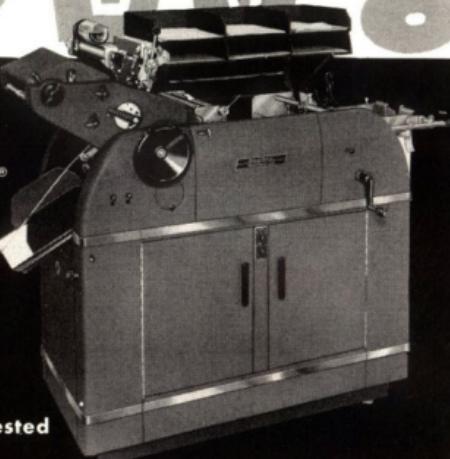
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MILESTONES

Died. Ann Cooper Hewitt Nicholson, 41, famed in the 1936 tabloids as the "sterilized heiress" after she charged that her mother and two San Francisco doctors had her sterilized without her knowledge to prevent her from bearing an heir to the family fortune (her great-grandfather: Inventor-Industrialist Peter Cooper, builder in 1830 of the first U.S. steam locomotive, the *Tom Thumb*); reportedly of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Monterrey, Mexico. Ann Cooper's sensational charges collapsed after the two doctors were acquitted and her mother died. Married six times, she never bore a child.

Died. Emmanuel Tsouderos, 74, who was named Premier of Greece in 1943 while Nazi invasion troops marched towards Athens; headed the government in exile in Cairo until 1944; in Genoa.

Died. Luis María Martínez, 75, Roman Catholic Archbishop and Primate of Mexico, who by his own conciliatory policies did most for his church in achieving cordial church-state relations after the violent anticlerical upheavals of the late '20s; of arteriosclerosis; in Mexico City.

Died. Leonora Speyer, 83, winner of the 1926 Pulitzer Prize for poetry, one-time (1934-36) president of the Poetry Society of America; in Manhattan.

Died. Hugh Montague Trenchard, Viscount Trenchard, 83, long-time philosopher of air warfare, first Marshal (1927) and principal founder of the R.A.F., chief (1931-35) of London's Metropolitan Police; after long illness; in London. During World War I "Boom" Trenchard commanded the Royal Flying Corps in France, was the most vigorous advocate of the use of air power to break through the trench-fought stalemate.

Died. Robert Morss Lovett, 85, long-time (1893-1939) leftist faculty member of the University of Chicago, associate editor (1921-40) of the *New Republic*, Government Secretary to the Virgin Islands (1939-43), co-author with William Moody of the oldtime college textbook, *A History of English Literature*; in Chicago. Charged with Communist sympathies by the old Dies Committee, Lovett was fired from his Virgin Islands post, was cleared in 1946 by the U.S. Court of Claims.

Died. Ada Ochs Adler, 89, sister of the late Adolph S. Ochs, long-time (1896-1935) publisher of the *New York Times* and the *Chattanooga Times* (1878-1935), mother of the late Major General Julius Ochs Adler, vice-president (1939-55) of the *New York Times*; in Manhattan.

Died. Connie Mack, 93, longtime manager (1901-50) and part owner (1901-54) of the old Philadelphia Athletics; in Philadelphia (see SPORT).

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The Co-Stars

At high noon one day last week, some 150 photographers, newsmen and newshens in Manhattan's sedate Plaza Hotel began scrambling and clawing, cursing and groaning, to worm nearer to their common goal. All cameras converged on one of the least likely duos in cinematic history: Hollywood's Marilyn Monroe and Britain's Sir Laurence Olivier. Together in public for the first time, Marilyn, explosively protruding from a black velvet sheath, and Sir Laurence, with the ironic aplomb of a gentleman accidentally trapped in a powder room, confirmed the fact (TIME, Jan. 30) that they will co-star in a film version of playwright Terence Rattigan's London stage hit, *The Sleeping Prince*. Producers: Marilyn and Sir Laurence. Director: Olivier. Breathed Marilyn: "My hope and dream was to have him . . ." Sir Laurence allowed that he would like some profit participation, if he can "squeeze" it out of Marilyn.

Q. (thrice asked): "Sir Laurence, what do you think of Miss Monroe as an actress?"

A. (thrice given, by rote): "A brilliant comedienne, and therefore an extremely good actress."

Under Marilyn's dreamy pluckings, one of her wispy shoulder straps broke. (She later restaged the accident for frenzied photographers.)

Olivier (deadpan to the emboldened lensmen): "No leg pictures of Miss Monroe, boys. From now on, she's too ethereal."

Q.: "Miss Monroe, do you still want to do *The Brothers Karamazov* on Broadway?"

A. (languidly): "I don't want to play the brothers Karamazov, I want to play Grushenka. She's a girl."



OLIVIER & MONROE
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line, jeweled with sunsets and enriched by the warmth of common humanity.

Finding each passing minute inexpressibly sweet, Donat lives with—for him—a reckless bravado. Mounting the pulpit for his sermon to the students, he tears up his prepared notes and launches into a compelling hosanna to the joys of living dangerously, accepting all manner of challenges and temptations, throwing off the winding sheets of conformity. The boys love it, of course, but the church elders are shocked.

Unfortunately, this high moment is all the film has, and the picture dwindles away in a continued restating of its central idea. But Actor Donat (*Goodbye, Mr. Chips*), in his first movie in four years, scores a minor triumph, and his evocation of an inner glory breaking through a life-beaten man glows an average movie into a near masterpiece.

The Bottom of the Bottle [20th Century-Fox] makes a fairly engrossing picture until it tries to tell moviegoers what it is all about. Joseph Cotten is a prosperous rancher-lawyer who lives in a CinemaScope valley deep in the heart of Arizona. One stormy evening, driving home from his weekly visit to a Mexican brothel, he gets his car across a flood-swollen river just before it becomes impassable. When he pulls into his garage he finds it already occupied by his brother, Van Johnson, who has broken out of prison back East and is trying to make it across the border to join his destitute wife and children.

The brothers snarl their dislike of each other, but for propriety's sake, Cotten agrees to let Van stick around in disguise until the river subsides. But now the emotional tides begin rising. Cotten's wife



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VAN JOHNSON & JOSEPH COTTEN
An attack of brotherly love.

(Ruth Roman), who has been moping because she can't have a baby, and therefore—by Hollywood logic—is losing her husband to the light señoritas across the border, begins to get curious about Van. So do the fast-living neighbors. All this prying, and Cotten's refusal to send money to Van's family, make Van unreasonable. He knocks out his brother, insults his neighbors, and goes on a prolonged bender, heading at last into the hills with a revolver in one hand and two bottles in the other.

As a posse and bloodhounds set out after Van, Cotten has a change of heart and a bad attack of delayed brotherly love. Having, apparently, a keener nose than any bloodhound, it goes directly to Van's hideout. They indulge in some unnecessarily foolish heroics by crossing and recrossing the raging river, and the film ends with Cotten in his wife's arms and Van going cheerfully back to prison to serve out his term.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Night My Number Came Up. Thirteen people are caught in a dream that starts to come true: a low-voltage shocker from Britain, with crackling good performances by Michael Redgrave, George Rose (TIME, Jan. 2).

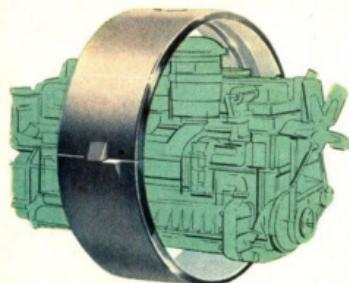
The Man with the Golden Arm. Nelson Algren's tale of a hot dealer who deals himself a cold card: heroin. A painful, powerful story of human bondage, in which Frank Sinatra is unforgettable (TIME, Dec. 26).

The Rose Tattoo. Anna Magnani, in her first Hollywood film, gets the year's loudest laughs as she demonstrates why Italian ham is a delicacy (TIME, Dec. 19).

Umberto D. A man walks the plank of old age, and the Italian realist comedies with a gentle curse: Vittorio De Sica's most careful film (TIME, Dec. 12).

Guys and Dolls. Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Frank Sinatra, Vivian Blaine in Samuel Goldwyn's \$5,000,000 version of the Broadway musical. It's a beauty, but Sam made the prints too long (TIME, Nov. 14).

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Corpse in the Garden

THE ACCEPTANCE WORLD (214 pp.)—
Anthony Powell—Farrar, Straus &
Cudahy (\$3.50).

In two world wars Britain gained the admiration of the whole world, but in victory lost (or mislaid) the custodian of its own soul—the middle class. Historians of this civil-war-by-attrition have necessarily come from the ranks of the defeated: one of the most skilled and disenchanted of these is a dry-styled novelist and critic (*Punch*) named Anthony Powell.

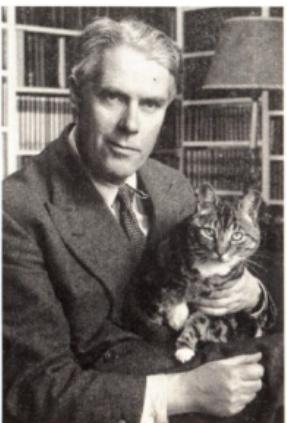
Since World War II (he served in the Welch Regiment and in Intelligence), Powell has resumed writing a series of novels in which he looks back with wry hindsight on the middling years of his life and on the causes of the discontents gnawing away at his class. The low-decibel tone in which he has written his eleven books may explain why he has almost escaped attention in the U.S. The earlier installments of this series (*A Question of Upbringing*, *A Buyer's Market*) never sold as many as 5,000 copies in the U.S. The latest installment may force a reassessment. Perhaps U.S. readers have been passing up one of the most astute and skillful regional novelists now working.

Enter, Marx. In *A Question of Upbringing*, Author Powell created a narrator, Nicholas Jenkins, who went to a school suspiciously like his own (Eton), and at first blink the book might have been dismissed as just another clever young man's attempt to settle scores with his old school. But Powell, at 50, still writes of young men like a young man—one who has mercifully lived down his youth. Narrator Jenkins has a remarkably good ear, and records middle- and upper-class conversation with comic precision. And he is presented as a descendant of that Captain Jenkins about whose ear a war was fought in the 18th century.* By this ancestry, Author Powell indicates that great events are to be set in motion by his apparently offhand trivia.

By now Powell's gaga saga has gathered an odd and diverting cast of characters who make their entrances and exits, as people do in life, with no particular design. In *The Acceptance World* he shuffles them in all their inconsequence into the Great Depression, or as the British prefer to call it, "The Slump." The early '30s have been both mourned and deplored, but never quite so coldly derided.

Karl Marx, who in spirit presided over this period, is introduced in a character-

istically oblique Powell way. He makes his appearance over a ouija board (planche) in Britain) at a séance conducted by Myra Erdleigh, a figure like T. S. Eliot's "Madame Sosotris, famous clairvoyante," said to be "the wisest woman in Europe." She warns of the planche: "The things it writes cause such a lot of bad feeling sometimes." The board says that "Karl is not pleased" and, ominously, "Force is the midwife." Thus the be-whiskered ghost of Marx sets Jenkins' friends whirling about in new gyrations of folly and self-seeking. Among the cast: ¶ A Marxist literary critic named J. G. Quiggin and a liberal named Mark Members, two broke and brilliant university men who symbolize the United Front. They contend for the job as secretary to



NOVELIST POWELL
Garroted by the Old School Tie.

a rich, vain novelist of inflated reputation, Quiggin, the Marxist, wins, and triumphantly trundles the senile genius in his wheelchair at the head of a workers' demonstration in Hyde Park.

¶ Dicky Umfraville, one of a group of muddled sahibs back from Kenya, who was not exactly "sacked" from school or "hoofed out" of the colonies, but who turns up in London complaining that things are not as they had been.

¶ Two Waugh-begone women, Bijou Ard-glass and Baby Wentworth, who hunt their gross and boorish businessmen prey. One of the girls ends up in a bad marriage to an Italian. ("His profession?" "I don't think I know you well enough to tell you.")

¶ Kenneth Widmerpool, who first appeared in the series as a cloghopping schoolboy, the butt of Jenkins' witty

* *The War of Jenkins' Ear*, a name popularly applied to the war between England and Spain, 1739-43. The incident that contributed to its outbreak: Captain Robert Jenkins' English brig *Rebecca* was plundered by Spaniards, one of whom cut off the captain's ear and handed it back, "bidding him carry it back to His Majesty, King George."

friends. But now those friends are ruined, bitter, broke or drunk. But Widmerpool, the earnest bore, alone seems to be making a go of it in a suddenly makeshift world. He works in a financial house that specializes in discounting bills. Widmerpool's job as a bill-broker becomes a symbol of Author Powell's thesis:

"It seemed to suggest what we were all doing, not only in business, but in love, art, religion, philosophy, politics, in fact all human activities. The Acceptance World was the world in which the essential element—happiness, for example—is drawn, as it were, from an engagement to meet a bill. Sometimes the goods are delivered . . . sometimes not."

Exit, Empire. Widmerpool, however, is in the midst of the Acceptance World without understanding it. At the Old School's annual Old Boys' dinner, Widmerpool, as the man of the '30s, horrifies all by making a long, uninvited speech on economics. The old housemaster, a neurotic, twisted pillar of the Old Order, salutes the onset of economics by suffering a stroke, and the Old Boys disband to their dim and several destinies.

The tone of Powell's books recalls Chekhov—the elegiac irony of a world where the last of the wormy, golden apples of Empire were falling from the tree. Yet the essence of Jenkins' war with the world is neither bound to a period nor insularly British. It is essentially a secular tragedy told in the idiom of understatement (which Novelist Powell admits "has its own banality"); there is a pit beneath the parquet floor and the Old School Tie may become a garrote. It needs all his well-tended prose to keep the corpse of nihilism buried in the garden.

Death Ain't Got No Sting

THE SEARCH FOR BRIDEY MURPHY (256 pp.)—Morey Bernstein—Doubleday (\$3.75).

... But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills
we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?

A simple Irish lass named Bridey Murphy has now resolved the puzzle that so troubled Hamlet. Bridey died in Belfast in 1864, but in 1952 and '53 she came back from "the undiscover'd country" to tell a well-to-do Colorado businessman and amateur hypnotist named Morey Bernstein what it is like after death.

Of course this was not quite the same Bridey that married the son of a Cork barrister and danced Irish jigs. Thanks to the mystery of reincarnation, she is now Mrs. Ruth Simmons, wife of a Pueblo auto dealer. Stretched out on a couch in a deep trance, with witnesses aplenty and a tape recorder taking it all down, Bridey-Ruth under hypnosis answered a few

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questions about life beyond the grave: Q: Was there any such thing as love and hate?

A: No.

Q: Did you ever have any changes in temperature, any hot or cold?

A: No.

Q: Did you ever have any wars?

A: No.

Q: You couldn't smell or touch?

A: You could see. You could hear.

Q: Were there any such things as death, disease or old age in that astral world? No laws, no regulations?

A: No.

Q: You did what you willed to do?

A: Uh-huh.

In *The Search for Bridey Murphy*, Author Bernstein has nothing new to say about hypnosis or reincarnation. But his amateur zeal, and perhaps the need for



Orin A. Sealy

something to take the place of the slipping *Power of Positive Thinking*, has made his sessions with Ruth Simmons one of the fastest-selling books in the U.S. today. Already more than 70,000 copies have been printed, and another 100,000 are coming from the presses. The movies have picked up the book for a rumored \$50,000, and 30 newspapers have taken it for serialization. As might have been expected, *Bridey* is doing best in California.

Although research in Ireland has failed to back up much of Bridey's story, Ruth Simmons is remarkably precise in "reliving" her previous "incarnation," e.g., she calls herself the daughter of a Protestant barrister, tells how she married a Roman Catholic ("Father John had the banns published") and hovered at her own funeral ("I watched them ditch my body").

Suggetible readers who want to continue the séance can buy an LP record (\$5.95) on which Bridey can be heard gasping out her story. She sounds somewhat like a savagely beaten gun moll who is being quizzed by the opposition gang.

The Good American

A FOREST OF TIGERS (373 pp.)—Robert Shaplen—Knopf (\$3.95).

It is a lot easier to be a political novelist than Secretary of State. Robert Shaplen, sometime correspondent in the Far East, demonstrates in *A Forest of Tigers* that the novelist holds cards the diplomat could never hope to draw. The proving ground is Indo-China around 1950, when the Communists had fully shown their hand but had not yet begun their big push. How was the U.S. to handle its difficult French allies, action-ridden Viet Nam, the everlasting intrigue, the demagogic appeal of the Reds?

Similar questions have been asked in a handful of books about Southeast Asia, notably Norman Lewis' *A Single Pilgrim*

(TIME, April 26, 1954). Author Shaplen manages to suggest that the answers are easy without really giving any answer. Faced with immensely complex problems, Hero Adam Patch wades in with the zeal and vocabulary of a *New Republic* editorial. The U.S. consul in Saigon, he chafes under what he thinks is stifling official caution. If only his stuffy superiors would let him get to the little people of the villages, let him bypass the complacent French, and let the Vietnamese see how decent and generous the Americans really are!

Novelist Shaplen's setting is authentic. His Saigon is hot, and more oppressive than the heat is the sense of deceit, mistrust and danger. Communist terrorists hurl grenades into cafés in broad daylight. Harmless-looking old shopkeepers convert their shabby little stores into arms depots for Communist agents. A Chinese gambling-house operator runs weapons to the enemy. Counterespionage is apt at any time to burgeon into counter-counter-espionage. At this game Adam Patch is



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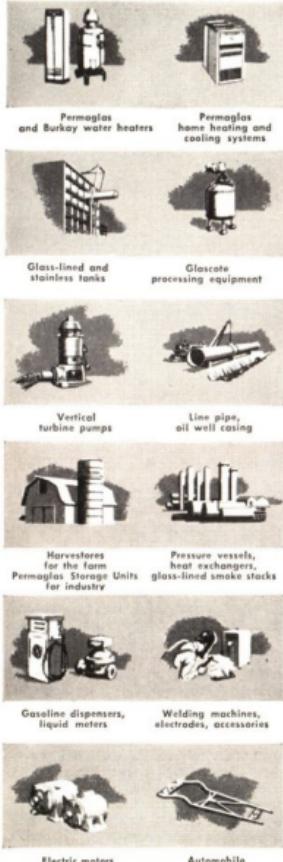
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TIME, FEBRUARY 20, 1956

about as subtle as a sand-lot quarterback. A Vietnamese doctor shows up, claiming to be a deserter from the Communists, with a plan for winning the countryside that the Reds have not yet seized. Although nothing reliable is known about him, Adam latches onto him as if he were the answer to a State Department prayer. Result: when the doctor is murdered, presumably by the Communists, he is made to appear like a political sacrifice to U.S. stupidity and hypocrisy.

Adam is about as adroit emotionally as he is politically. A long-legged secretary is unaccountably mad about him, but he takes to her with the ardor of a man on a diet taking yoghurt. The Eurasian girl he takes to bed turns out to be as mixed up in her political senses as she is in her veins: working as an agent for both the French and the Communists, she is eventually caught and doomed. At novel's end Adam Patch is recalled to Washington, the victim of what Author Shaplen plainly indicts as U.S. failure to pursue its democratic ideals.

The book is fair enough at spelling out the problem. The French were indeed too intractable, too addicted to colonialism. The Communists were indeed calling the turns, and U.S. help was probably too little and too late. Above all, there is the real problem of how to convince the world that America stands for freedom. But it is frightening to think of this mission in the hands of men like Author Shaplen's hero. For Adam Patch is just a fugitive from the WPA era transplanted to Indo-China; any halfway smart Communist agent could sell him the Hanoi bridge.

Safari Debunked

THE NYLON SAFARI (276 pp.)—Rehna Cloete—Houghton Mifflin (\$3.50).

The newest tropical disease is writing about Africa. The most recently infected is Rehna ("Tiny") Cloete (rhymes with bootoy), who caught the bug on a three-week safari after she and her author-husband Stuart Cloete had completed a ten-month cross-continent trek researching his recent book, *The African Giant* (TIME, Oct. 3). The tone of *The Nylon Safari* is prevailingly lighthearted, the pace is readably headlong, and there is notably little spilling of blood or guts. Indeed, the Hemingway-Ruark axis of hairy-chested literary Tarzans may be somewhat miffed at the casual kiss-off Tiny Cloete gives their favorite outdoor sport. The whole safari business, U.S.-born Author Cloete strongly suggests, is about as rugged nowadays as camping out with a Boy Scout troop. From the time the Cloetes outfit themselves in brand-new hunting togs in Nairobi, Tiny makes it amusingly plain that she is out to slay the myth of the strong, infallible White Hunter.

She swings as soon as she sees the White Hunter she calls Bill Buncher: "A powerful red-faced man with very pale blue eyes, slightly bloodshot from staring out over the vast open spaces he inhabited professionally, he bowed and sank into

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a chair. He went down massively, like a wounded elephant." Tiny is staggered by his fee—\$1,800, which includes native servants, gear, a car and a truck. But since it is an anniversary present, her husband insists on their having a "luxury" safari.

The first luxury is rising at 5 a.m. Tiny has poetic visions of a rosy-fingered dawn, but "... this is a real dawn. The sky is a bitter dirty gray color to which drops of orange blood are slowly added . . . Human life is at its lowest ebb. This is the time most people die." Tiny wants to live, even though she finds that she is a portable blood bank for the dread tsetse and squadrons of dive-bombing mosquitoes.

The nights are biting cold; the days usually hot. The Cloetes are rationed to two meals a day, skipping either breakfast or lunch, but Bill frequently stops to stalk "some meat for the boys." It is



"TINY" CLOETE IN AFRICA
The hairy Hemingway may be miffed, against "the code of the White Hunter" to shoot game from the car, but at a distance of about 200 yards, "there was the usual bang."

White Hunter Buncher is scarcely a 20th century Natty Bumppo. When an accustomed signpost is missing along the well-rutted safari track, he gets lost and drives the party a whole day's journey off course into the veld. As drawn by Tiny, the White Hunter barely has brains enough to come in out of the rain. ("Bit of a mist, what?") With the constant physical discomforts and the incessant comic relief of *The Nylon Safari*, it sometimes seems that the grandeur and excitement of Africa itself rarely caught Tiny Cloete's eye. The Cloetes' closest brush with danger came when a young hippo lost track of his paper and mamma and charged at the rear of their car as a parental surrogate. "I hadn't realized their eyesight was *that* bad," says Tiny as they speed away.



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Wichita's \$11,000,000 Municipal Airport is one of the nation's 10 busiest—some months logging as many as 10,000 take-offs and landings. Wichita, as the home of Boeing, Beech and Cessna aircraft factories, takes great pride in its aircraft industry. Though its population is nearly 300,000, it

still draws manpower from the surrounding areas. The farmer who once struggled for a small yearly crop now gets his money in a factory pay envelope and farms in his spare time. Though he may commute daily from as far as 75 miles away, he, his family and his town are a vital part of the Wichita scene.

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Fred Snyder, U. of Wichita student, conducted a vision experiment. **LIFE** covered the story. Says Prof. N. Pronko, Psychology Dept.: "LIFE called international attention to our work, stimulated further research."



"During our National Home Week," says F. Kessler, Pres., Wichita Ass'n of Home Builders: "LIFE-advertised products were featured. Consumer acceptance of these items helped foster acceptance of the total house."



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WICHITA?

*Source: *A Study of the Household Accumulative Audience of LIFE*, by Alfred Politz Research, Inc. (A LIFE-reading household is one in which any member aged 20 or over has read one or more of 13 issues.

LIFE

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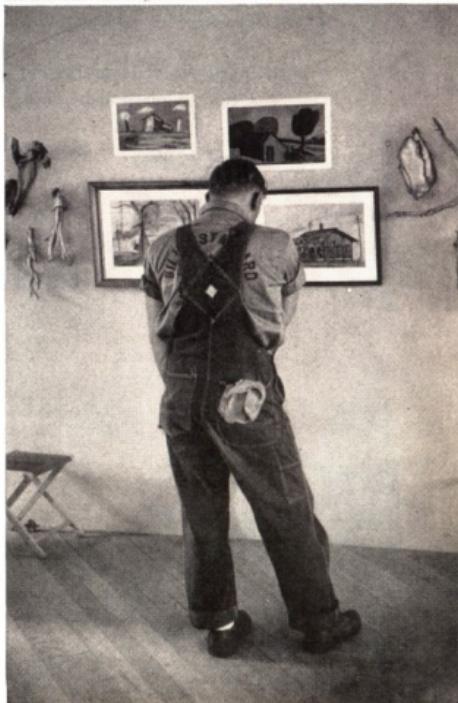


James Yeager, ex-GI and POW, noticed familiar scenes in some LIFE war photos taken in Korea. They turned out to be shots of a propaganda march he had been forced to participate in as a Communist prisoner. He even recognized himself. LIFE told his story in May '53. Following the story, he says, "Many people contacted me to inquire about missing loved ones. Civic groups asked me to speak."



W. C. Coleman, founder and Board Chairman of The Coleman Company, Inc. (makers of the famous gasoline pressure lanterns), says, "Like LIFE, Coleman Lanterns really get around in the world. Whenever Coleman Lanterns appear in LIFE pictures, mail pours in from our dealers and customers wherever our product is used—and that means everywhere."

Art Conquers Attica. When LIFE covered the activities of a budding art group in tiny Attica, Kan. (Aug. '53), Art Instructor Patrice Rowley said, "LIFE's story about us resulted in many contributions toward building an Attica art gallery and school. The letters all reflected gentle affection for small-town America."





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Quality Control. In El Paso, Charles Steen refused to plead guilty to having stolen a mere Cadillac, had the charge changed to read "Cadillac Coupe de Ville," explained that he never bothered with anything but the best.

Coup de Grâce. In Beverly Hills, Calif., Cab Driver Perry Tartas reported to police that three men held him up, got away with \$22 while one, left behind to finish the job, muttered before he ran to join his confederates: "I'll give you a break; I'm supposed to slug you; pretend you're hurt."

Know Thyself. In Greensboro, N.C., Herman Lamm, serving a 15-year prison term for robbing a bank, appealed to have his case reopened on grounds of insanity, announced that he had worn a work shirt with his employer's name and address on it during the holdup, claimed that "this is not compatible to the action of a sane person who is about to rob a bank."

O Promise Me. In Marysville, Kans., Probate Judge P. R. Pulteine received a request from an absent-minded husband: "Will you please tell me the name of the woman I married there in 1918?"

Unfinished Business. In St. Paul, Dave Williams and Willard Brazil were rearrested when, cleared of auto-theft charges, they walked out of the city police station, stole a taxicab.

Name-Dropper. In Milwaukee, forced by the election commission to run for alderman under his full name, Roderick Peter Lansen started proceedings to have his name legally changed to Rod, explained in circuit court that Roderick sounded too fancy, wealthy and effeminate for the voters in his ward.

The Hasty Heart. In Long Beach, Calif., Harriett Isabell Barfoot, 83, filed suit to annul her nine-day marriage to Thomas Barfoot, 83, told the court that her husband proved to be "what is commonly known as a woman chaser."

Witness for the Prosecution. In Union City, N.J., Hudson County Prosecutor Frederick T. Law neglected to tell all the members of his team that he planned to raid a local bookmaker's establishment, encountered at the scene: a city detective, a police lieutenant, one of the mayor's aides, the father and cousin of the deputy police chief.

The Voice of the Turtle. In New Orleans, two notices appeared in the personal column of the *Times-Picayune*: 1) "Not responsible for debts contracted by my wife, Myrtle Berner, William Berner." 2) "William P. Berner was never responsible for my debts. I paid mine and his also, Myrtle Berner."



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